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No. 362

JACK'S MOTHER'S STORY.

Fire and Cold and Storm and Water. BY MARO O. ROLFE.

My boy left me yester mornin',
Full of hope and full of life,
Goin' to a distant city,
To bring home a glad young wife.
I remember he was smilin'
As the train rushed past the door,
But no warnin' spirit told me
I should never see him more.

The good Lord has so provided—
With a wisdom strange to men—
That the vail that's ever hangin',
The Now hiding from the Thue,
Can't be pierced by mortal vision;
An' we find it hard to b'lieve
That the joy we feel at sunrise
Will be changed to woe at eve.

All day long I fondly pondered
On the happiness to come—
For I thought that Jack and Mary,
Both, I soon should welcome home;
An' I knew we'd be as happy
As any three a-livin'!
An' I raised, ev ry hour or two,
A prayer of glad thanksgivin'.

I began to make things tidy,
An'a-puttin' 'em in shape—
Not a web, from roof to cellar,
Did my vigilance escape;
An' I 'iled the parlor furniture,
An' I waxed the kitchen floor,
An' I twined a sprig of evergreen
Nicely o'er the parlor door.

Should discover Jack had known
What it was to live in comfort,
When I did the work alone;
But, above all other feelin's,
Was the thought that my son's wife
Should receive a welcome from me
That should gladden her new life.

After I'd put all in order,
An' had looked through ev'ry room,
Givin' here and there some touches
With the duster or the broom,
I was standin' an' admirin'
The fine fixin's on the stand,
When a boy come in a-runnin,
With a message in his hand.

With a hossessor.

I tore the envelope open,
While my fingers jerked an' shook,
An' on that flutterin' paper
I cast one waverin' look.
The bridge is down at Ashtabula,"
Was the message that I read;
And, among a hundred others,
Your son Jack is lyin' dead!"

Fire and cold and storm and water, Water, storm and cold and fire, All became Death's eager servants, All together did conspire To ingulf our land in sadness

hundred souls went up to heav'n Through the thickly-fallin' snow!

I am strivin' not to murmur,
An' I pray to God for grace
To endure my trial bravely;
An' I seem to see Jack's face
Lookin' at me through the water,
Speakin' blessin's on my head,
An' implorin' me to comfort
His widow who ne'er was wed.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER I. THE LONELY GRAVE ON THE PRAIRIE.

CHAPTER I.

"The crow makes wing to the rooky wood."
Northward goes the trail from Laramie's Fort; straight as the crow flies, almost, the adventuring gold-seekers have cut a way through the trackless wilderness direct to the Black Hills, the new Eldorado of the West, erst the home and hunting-grounds of the painted, feather-bedizened savage, great Nature's natural son.

What recked it to the desperate men, turning their backs upon the comforts of civilization, and seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, that the flerce red barbarians had sharpened afresh the scalping-knife, dug new pigments from mother earth's bosom to adorn their visages with the hideous tints of war, and had determined to dispute every inch of soil and bar the advance of the gold-seekers with new-made graves?

The same lust that lured the world-seeking Genoese across the stormy seas—that carried bold Cortez and desperate Pizarro in frail shalops to an unknown shore, hurried them on.

The chink of gold has ever been the sweetest music to mortal ears since the world began. And a golden dream it was that led the pushing, daring crowd on, clear into the Black Hills, despite the Sioux savages, despite the soldiers of the United States government, despite the phantoms, hunger and thirst, who marched—strong men and weak—the veteran gold-seekers—the spruce clerk from the right of the conquering white man, to make wealthy forever the lucky mortals who should stumble upon the hiding place of the treasures.

The past we know—alas! sometimes to well! the present we can guess at, but of the future we dream, and to the dream, bright hope—heaven's best gift to short-sighted mortals—ever lends a golden tinge.

And on the track of the golden dreamers—who but followed the subtle instinct, strong in the breast of man since the early ages, which has ever bade the adventuring spirit journey to the West, the land of the setting sun—came the tribe whose "totems" are the wolf and the vulture, whose chosen weapon is John Barleycorn's distilled juice.

Hard on what recked it to the desperate men, turning their backs upon the comforts of civilization, and seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to woo new fortune in an untamed land, seeking to wore juck of soil and bar the advance of the golds seekers with new-made graves?

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Fast over the Prairie raced the Pursued and Pursuers, the strange horseman turned in his saddle and laughed in defiance

Gila, or in the northern Black Hills, where the Big s Horn mountains cut the sky and frown down upon pleasant valleys.

And of this strange multitude—good men and bad strong men and weak, the honest toiler, the wily 'sharp,' the bummer—ever in the advance of civilization, as was his namesake in advance of Sherman's legions when the federal chief marched through Georgia's fair land, from where Atlanta's ruins smoked to a gloomy sky, sad to witness war's desolation, to Savannah's sun smiling upon the fairest city in all our own dear Southern land—we shall write—shall tell a tale so strange that foreign eyes shall marvel as they read, and wonder what magic there is in this Western strand that from its soil have sprung a race of men who, all vunheralded and unsung, have performed deeds of valor that can put to shame the Grecian heroes, whose exploits live forever in immortal verse.

Easy is it now to follow the trail leading from the iron way of the Union Pacific road to the Black of Hill metropolis Deadwood City, the 'magic' town that, like Aladdin's palace, seemed to grow in a single night.

The way is marked by civilization's signs.

that, like Aladdin's palace, seemed to grow in a single night.

The way is marked by civilization's signs.

The mangled remains of broken wagons, empty tins, bearing the legends, "Delaware tomatoes," "fresh peaches," etc., smashed whisky bottles, with here and there the white bones of some animal unable to withstand the fatigue of the march.

Nor was there wanting sign of gentle woman's presence, for here and there strange devices of wire and tape, firmly bound together, bird-cage fashion, affrighted the wandering great white wolf or his more sneaky brother, the snarling coyote.

the rocky ravines of the Apache land by the Rio Gila, or in the northern Black Hills, where the Big Horn mountains cut the sky and frown down upon pleasant valleys.

And of this strange multitude—good men and bad strong men and weak, the honest toiler, the advance of willy 'sharp.' the hummer—ever in the advance of

JULIET OAKS,

Aged 30 y's.

Aged 30 y's.

Hardly had the stranger read the inscription when a good, round Anglo-Saxon oath came from his lips, and in tremulous agitation he knelt by the side of the grave.

"Juliet dead!" he cried, speaking as no red chief ever spoke yet; "my search then for her is ended, but my child—my little one—where is she? and where, too, is the author of all this terrible misery? The grave hides her from my bitter words, death cancels the account, but my child—is she in the Black Hills with him, the man whose face even I do not know? but I'll hunt him down if it takes to my dying day!"

And the big round moon witnessed the oath.

CHAPTER II. THE MAGIC CITY.

"This castle has a pleasant seat."

"This castle has a pleasant seat."

A LIVELY place, indeed, is Deadwood City—no town in all the Black Hills to compare with it—the "Magic city," as some of its inhabitants are fond of terming it. More lively by night than by day, though; for then the miners flock in from the mountain gulches, and the one street of the town assumes a festival appearance.

Plenty of saloons are there, and a theater, too, and a concert-saloon, so the hard-handed miners do not lack for amusement.

Right in the center of the town is an object, which truly is one of the wonders of the city.

No need for the citizen to call the attention of a stranger to it, for every new-comer to Deadwood City speedily discovers it for himself, and for a few moments poses in open-mouthed wonder before it.

And yet it was only a simple sign affixed to the front of a small store—a one-story shanty, pretty near the center of the town.

The sign read:

MERCEDES KIRKLEY,

fect oval in shape, clear red and white in color, and as frank and honest in its look as ever a girlish face has dared to be since the Creation day. Light and graceful in form, always neatly attired, and with a pleasant smile ever on her features, it was little wonder that all the town swore that she hadn't an equal west of the Missouri.

It was but natural, under the circumstances, that the pretty shop-keeper should have plenty of suit ors.

As General Baltimore Bowie, the great oracle of the town, was wont to remark, in his moments of confidence:

"Be gad, sir, she's a devilish fine girl, me boy!"
And's what the funny old Maryland lawyer didn't know about women wasn't worth knowing.

But, one and all sighed in vain; the laughing girl evaded all attempts at love-making; and if the arrow to twin her favor, she would quietly call the almonding evaded lineself; but in the saloons of the town how seemed to be more highly favored by the charming Mercedes than the rest.

Possibly it was because these few had sense enough not to make their attentions too apparent, and did not turn love-making into persecution.

The girl was only human, and, of course, with her cheerful nature, liked society, and of her own sex there were few with whom she cared to associate.

It is easy to describe the favored few who were permitted to bask in the sunlight of Miss Kirkley's smiles—"Mercedes' own," as the bluff and hearty General Bowie facetiously termed and named them—"Mercedes' Own," as the bluff and hearty General Bowie facetiously termed and named them—"Mercedes' Own," as the bluff and hearty General Bowie facetiously termed and named them—"Mercedes' Own," as the bluff and hearty General Bowie facetiously termed to the first fire, shot from heining the being the bounds of endurance.

No and stouth the first fire, shot from echind, the victim of sendicities of heining the beautiful beyond the bounds of endurance.

No. 3 we will put Elijah Hallowell, "a son-of-the-State-of-Maine, "a shew as fond of terming him common with another, w It was but natural, under the circumstances, that the pretty shop-keeper should have plenty of suit ors.

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"Be gad, sir, she's a devilish fine girl, me boy!" And'what the funny old Maryland lawyer didn't know about women wasn't worth knowing.

But, one and all sighed in vain; the laughing girl evaded all attempts at love-making; and if the ardent swain became too persistent in his endeavors to win her favor, she would quietly call the almondeyed Chinese, who assisted her in taking care of the store, to attend to the customer, and withdraw into the inner apartment, into whose sacred precincts no suitor yet had been either bold or lucky enough to penetrate.

Naturally enough, there were three or four men in the town who seemed to be more highly favored by the charming Mercedes than the rest.

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It is easy to describe the favored few who were permitted to bask in the sunlight of Miss Kirkley's smiles—"Mercedes' pets," as the envious miners had named them—"Mercedes' On," as the bluff and hearty General Bowie facetiously termed them.

First on the list came the general himself, a

shad named them—"Mercedes' Own," as the bluff and hearty General Bowie facetiously termed them.

First on the list came the general himself, a hearty and well-preserved man of fifty, the leading lawyer of the town, full of the stately politeness so common to the old-time Southerner—chivalry's own son; much given to extravagant compliment, and somewhat disposed to relate extravagant stories—himself the hero of the tale; a hard drinker, and an inveterate smoker; a good lawyer, but totally unreliable on account of his propensity for strong drink; but this little fact didn't make much difference, for Deadwood, at the time of which we write, was not particular as to a hair.

Rumor said that the general had been forced into exile on account of a little difference of opinion between himself and the other officers of a certain small country bank with which he had been connected, regarding a little sum of money. In fine, the general had used the bank's money as if it had been his own, and when called to account, rather than have any quarrel about so small a matter as a few thousand dollars with men with whom he had been brought up from childhood—the general was nothing if not pathetic—he had quietly improved the midnight hours, and fled to the wilds of the far West.

But in his cups the general was wont to hint,

the midnight hours, and fled to the wilds of the far West.

But in his cups the general was wont to hint, mysteriously, that there was a lady in the case, and that if he chose to speak, he could unfold a tale calculated to make the eyes of the listener bulge forth

culated to make the eyes of the listener bulge forth in horror.

Blunt and open-spoken men said that the general was an "infernal old fraud;" but who did the tongue of envy ever spare?

Next on the list we must place Major Lysander Germaine, the commander of the little United States post planted on the hillside to overawe the hostile Sioux, who were fearfully enraged at the daring excursion of the white-skins into the favorite hunting-grounds of their great nation.

Major Germaine was a man of uncertain age. Thirty-three he claimed to be; forty-three was the more likely figure.

A man little above the medium size, stoutly built, florid in face, brown hair and side whiskers, with a reddish tinge, uncertain gray, cat-like eyes, a peculiar military strut, and an imperious way, common to some of our military chaps who, in the martinet, are apt to forget the man.

The kind of officer who, in the line of battle, are

CHAPTER III. MERCEDES.

"The rich East holds not her peer."

"The rich East holds not her peer."

In Mercedes' store, leaning on the counter, stood Major Germaine, who had just purchased a cigar and was about lighting it. Behind the counter stood the girl herself with her bright, pleasant face, always so cheerful in its smile.

The major lit his cigar, threw away the match, and then his attention was attracted by a tiny bouquet of wild flowers placed in a glass on the little show-case.

"Fond of flowers, Miss Mercedes?" he asked, stooping over and inhaling the odor of the blossoms.

"Oh, yes, very fond of flowers," she answered, her clear voice as cheery and as pleasant as her face.

"Do you know, Miss Mercedes, that I have noticed that up in that west gulch the flowers seem to grow purer and sweeter than anywhere else around the town?"

It was a careless speech, and the major was tapping his leg, listlessly, with the light switch he carried as he spoke.

A quick, sharp glance the girl cast at his face; evidently her suspicions were aroused.

"Yes?" she said.

"Yes," he replied; "haven't you noticed the fact?"

"Well, no, I can't say that I have.

"Well, no, I can't say that I have.
"And yet you walk up that way very often."
"How do you know I do?" was Miss Mercedes'
tural question. natural question.
"Oh, a little bird told me," the soldier replied,

laughing.
"A very sharp little bird!" The girl was evident-

"A very sharp little bird!" The girl was evidently annoyed.
"I am well served, you see."
"How served?"
"Why, my little bird tells me where you go."
"There is no need of a bird to find that out; I would have told you if, you had asked me."
"Oh, yes, no doubt!"
"You do not believe me?"
"You wrong me," and the major bowed, gallantly,
"I do not see any reason why I should wish to keep such a simple matter a secret."
"Sometimes trifles light as air betray us into deepest consequences," replied the major, quoting from memory, and quoting wrong as men generally do.
"I don't understand you at all." the girl said,

yesterday for over an hour?" Mercedes said sar castically.
"Exactly one hour and a half by the watch."
"And does your little bird wear a watch!" the girl asked, with a demure smile.
"Yes, Ohl he's a very smart little bird, I tell you!
By the way, what charming taste this fellow, Montana, has in arranging flowers. This little spray of green in the midst of those scarlet what-do-you call-'em, is quite superb," and the soldier bent over the humble blossoms in pretended admiration, but all the while he kept a close watch upon the face of the girl.

the girl.

The speech did not produce the result anticipated, for the face of the girl did not change in the least.

"I suppose you mean to imply that Mr. Jones—Montana, as you call him—arranged that little bunch of flowers?' she said, quietly.

"Yes, that is about it."

Yes, that is about it."
Well, I'm sure that I can't say whether he did or

not." With truth? "With truth?"

The girl drew her slender figure up proudly and looked the soldier full in the eye.

"Major, if you begin to talk in that way I'll send Ah Hi to wait on you"

Ah Hi was the Chinese whom we have spoken of as acting as man-of-all-work to the pretty shop-keeper.

as acting as man-of-all-work to the pretty shop-keeper.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mercedes, but, hang it all! make some allowance for a fellow!" the major exclaimed, bluntly. "To drop the bird fiction, I saw Montana—Mister william Jones, to give him the handle he claims here, although the records of some Eastern court undoubtedly give him another; well, I saw him gather the flowers and place them on the rock—I was on the hillside with my gun'after game; then I saw you come along, take the flowers and fasten them on your bosom, a place of honor that my costly roses, imported all the way from the East expressly for you, never occupied. Then you went up the gulch to where he and his companions were at work; you sat on a rock and for over an hour you talked to them."

"And you watched me from the hillside, horridly jealous, eh?" questioned Mercedes, laughing.

"Yes, that is the truth, and confoundedly astonished too. Why, do you know who and what this Montana is?"

"A very handsome young man," the girl replied."

"And then as the stranger, masquerading in such an odd fashion, rose to his feet, the white hower which had been when he was a fruit of the shades below, he poured the letters out upon the ground.

A mothey collection of epithes and directed in all kinds of hands from the letters out upon.

A mothey collection of epithes and directed in all kinds of hands from the scrawl of the ground.

A mothey collection of epithes and directed in all kinds of hands from the strawl of the cound.

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"Yes, that is the truth, and contoundedly astonished too. Why, do you know who and what this Montana is?"

"A very handsome young man," the girl replied, slyly, and with a half laugh.

"Well, that is all a matter of opinion!" the major exclaimed with a grimace, which clearly indicated that he was not impressed with Mr. Montana's good looks. "To me he looks like a dead man more than anything else with his unnatural paleness and his thin, lantern-jawed face; but, what I meant was, do you know the man's reputation?"

"Yes, I believe so," Mercedes answered, composedly.

"A gambler—a regular card-sharp who lives by in robbing greenhorns of their hard-earned money. Ever since the fellow came to town I ve been wishing that he'd tackle some man of my company and fleece him."

"Why, what a wish!' the girl exclaimed in astonishment.

"Then I'd get a chance at him. My command takes in this town. I'd drum-head court-martial him and give him a hundred lashes as a warning to all the rest of the thieving tribe."

"I'm afraid, major, that the citizens wouldn't stand that?" sile said.

"Let the chance come, and see how quick I'll im prove it!" he exclaimed. "But now, honestly, I am really astonished at your conduct. For the past week I have noticed that this man has kept out of the town; he has avoided you and, by Jove! you take the trouble to hunt him up!"

The strange horseman turned in the saddle, the trouble to hunt him up!"

And then as the stranger, see the kishion, rose to his feet, the white horse which hofes off, put its muzzle up in the air and began distributed. The mid had been quietly cropping the prairie grass a few feet off, put its muzzle up in the air and began to shif the breaze from put the said began to shif the breeze from the north.

The man noticed the action.

"Hey, old girl, what's the matter? Danger, eh? White man or Indian?"

A loud neigh coming from the gully answered the question.

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"If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, you know.—" Mercedes said, smiling.

"Mahomet inust go to the mountain, eh?"
The girl nodded.

"The fellow won't come to you, and so you go after him."

after him."

"How sagacious you are!"
Mercedes did not seem at all disturbed at the discovery the major had made, and was not at all disposed to deny her share in the matter.

"Mercedes, are you in love with the fellow?"
Germaine asked, abruptly. "If so, say it and that ends the matter as far as I am concerned."

"Oh, I don't love him or anybody else," the girl said, wearily. "I don't know the meaning of the word, and I never want to know. Love to me spells misery, want and death. I know that William Jones is not the man's right name, and I'm anxious to find out what it is; if he is the man I think he is—"

"Well?"

A girl had better walk into her grave than marry him." Why then are you anxious to know aught of

"Why then are you anxious to that him?"
"To settle an old account!" came sharply from between the white teeth of the girl. "Tis not to live only that I came to this wild land."
And then came a sudden exclamation of alarm from the girl's lips. Her eyes had fallen upon two strangers coming down the street.
The major perceived the two at the same moment. A portly, well-dressed man of middle age and a

A portly, well-dressed man of middle age and a tall, stylish girl, splendidly dressed.
"Congressman Campbell and his daughter from lower Illinois," he said. "Mort Campbell is as big a rascal as ever went unhung!"
"Even the grave will not hide me from that man!"
Mercedes cried, with white lips.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GRAVE GIVES UP ITS DEAD. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Hor-

THE express hack from Deadwood to Fort Laramie had started on its trip as usual. Leaving Deadwood at 7 P. M., it made its first halt at 7 in the

morning.

For a wonder, on this particular evening of which we write, there was not a single passenger bound south, but there was express matter to go and the United States mail.

Therefore the driver tooled the spirited pair of grays up to the express office, got the express stuff and the mail bag—the Deadwood mail was not a heavy one—and started on his trip southward.

Out of Deadwood's city then rolled the hack and the journey began.

heavy one—and started on his trip southward.
Out of Deadwood's city then rolled the hack and the journey began.
Quite a character was the driver of the coach. He was a little, freckle-faced, red-headed Irishman, by name Paudeen O'Hoolahan; but, as this appelation was entirely too long and complex to suit the free and easy style of the citizens of Deadwood, some wag had nick-named the jolly Irishman Paddy Pud the Pud being intended as an abbreviation of Paudeen—and the name had seemed to fit the Hibernian so well that one and all had adopted it, and, clear from Laramie up to the Black Hills, O'Hoolahan was always called Paddy Pud.
Small difference it made to the good-natured Irishman, except when he was in liquor, which was not often, and then he indignantly repudiated the nick-name, swore that it was an insult to the blood of the O'Hoolahans, and that he'd have the life of the offender, if he died for it. Strange to relate, with a total disregard for the probabilities on these occasions of wrath, the doughty little Irishman always selected the biggest miner in the room, generally twice as large as himself, to quarrel with, and attacked him with the ferocity of a bull-dog; as a natural consequence thereby Paddy generally succeeded in getfing a most tremendous whaling, and when he became sober and surveyed his bruises he always bemoaned the evil fortune which led the man of war to attack "a poor by who wouldn't harm a worm, bedad!"

Brave as a lion, though, was Paddy, drunk or sober—sure proof of this was that the division of the line over which he drove was reputed to be the most dangerous one between Deadwood and Laramie.

Paddy drove from seven to seven, laid off for the day at the station, and then took the up coach again at night, arriving at Deadwood again in the morning.

It was a rough road from the city to the first station, and more exposed to Indian attacks than and

morning.

It was a rough road from the city to the first station, and more exposed to Indian attacks than any other part of the line.

It was not often though that the red-skins dared to attack the coaches. The hacks were generally well filled with passengers, armed to the teeth, and on two or three occasions the reds had caught a Tartar.

Armed from ton to the coaches are supported to the coaches.

Tartar.

Armed from top to toe was Paddy; behind him on the box was a repeating rifle, and two heavy revolvers were buckled to his side.

So remote was the time of the last Indian attack that Paddy never dreamed of danger as he droven, merrily humming snatches of odd old Irish airs. The moon was out round and full and the road was almost as light as by day.

Three hours Paddy had been on the road and some fourteen miles the coach had covered when, in rising out of the deep defile, known far and wide as Bloody Gulch on account of an Indian massa crethat had once occurred there, a strange sight methis eyes.

eyes.

Mounted upon a white horse was a dark figure barring the passage of the road.

The person of the rider was almost entirely concealed by a black cloak, except that the head seemed to be merely a skull surmounted by a dark hat

they were like sisters. ith a peaked crown.
Instinctively the superstitious Irishman pulled

rone, with unsteady hands, he gaset has volvers, and they, too, refused to perform their office.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the stranger, in sepulchral tones, "from the flames below I come—O'Hoolahan, Satan waits for you!"
And then the stranger threw back the black cloak and a skeleton form appeared beneath!
This was quite enough for Paddy Pud.
With a howl of terror he leaped from the box of the coach and fled toward Deadwood at the top of his speed.
Paddy was not anxious to make the acquaintance of his Satanic majesty just yet.
The short legs of the Irishman soon carried him down into the gulch out of sight, and then the horseman rapidly approached the hack.
From under the driver's seat he drew the mailtag, nimbly dismounted from his horse and then proceeded to examine the fastenings of the bag.
He produced a bunch of keys and tried them, one by one, in the lock of the mail-bag.
At last one fit, and, with an exclamation of delight that savored far more of earth than it did of the shades below, he poured the letters out upon the ground.

A motley collection of epistles, and directed in

acount?"
And then as the stranger, masquerading in such an odd fashion, rose to his feet, the white horse, which had been quietly cropping the prairie grass a few feet off, put its muzzle up in the air and began to sniff the breeze from the north.

The man noticed the action.

"Hey, old girl, what's the matter? Danger, eh? White man or Indian?"
A loud neigh coming from the gully answered the question.

The strange horseman turned in the saddle, laughed in deflance, and then, right before the astonished eyes of the soldiers, the horseman suddenly disappeared—vanished from sight just as if he rad flown up into the air or sunk into the earth. Involuntarily the soldiers drew rein in wonder.

(To be continued.)

A SLIGHTED TRYST.

BY L. C GREENWOOD.

Her shapely hand was lifted."
Shading anxious watching eyes,
To brow like snow just drifted,
Looking vainly for surprise.

The sun is bright in dying
As hopes before they vanish;
Her heart knew naught but sighing
O'er fears she could not banish.

The straggling rays scarce hidden By the sable vail of night, And tears that came unbidden Fell dazzling in their light.

Night came, but one remaineth Who should be by her side, What painful chance detaineth? His presence why denied?

The moon shone forth in splendor, While shadows weird were moving Round her in youth so tender; The while where was he roving? Moonlight and starlight mingled With that of her fair eyes, That shone like diamonds singled That shone like diamonds sin On the brow of ebon skies.

Her tears had ceased their falling, But her hands she wrung in fear; Her soul in accents calling Ceased not for him so dear.

Beneath the oak remaining, Awakened by a flutter Of birds, she breathed complaining She long refused to utter. Long hours I have waited

In hope, in grief and woe; How couldst thou be belated, From her who loved thee so? Sought was the couch where sweet rest Shall last till comes morn's beam; He came in steps the fleetest, And he met her in a dream!

Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER X.

"BREAKING IN." "Ay, though it throb at gentlest touch,
At sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much
Than never ache at all.
The heart—the heart that's truly blest
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone."

-ELIZA COOK

AT twelve o'clock, just as Kitty was walking up and down the garden, thinking some what drearily of Brook and her poor old father, a great black Newfoundland dog came blun-dering through a little gate in the opposite hedge and began to bark at her. He was followed by a lady dressed in black. Kitty's heart stood still. She recognized the stranger of the New Forest. Miss Marchmont walked straight up to her and took her hand.

"My dear, you must excuse this most un Master Frederick," she said. "I found, by the merest accident, that you were living here, and so ran in just as I was. We are near neighbors, Mrs. Oliver; I hope I may soon add,

we are near friends. Kitty looked a moment into the frank, smiling eyes, and all doubts and suspicions of their owner vanished like the morning mist before the morning sun. If Miss Marchmont and Mr. Oliver had ever been fond of each other, would she have sought out his wife in this marked friendly manner? Oh, no! She pressed the kind hand that held her own, and said, shyly, that she longed for a friend. Miss Marchmont bent down and kissed her. From that moment

with a shake of her shapely head, so superbly crowned with its heavy coils of golden-brown hair.
"None so blind as those who won't see, Miss Mercedes. The west gulch is a beautiful and most romantic place, and the one particular charm of the scene is the spot where Messrs. Elijah Hallowell and William Jones delve in the earth, seeking golden grains."
"Oh, and I suppose that your little bird told you that I sat down upon a rock and watched them work yesterday for over an hour?" Mercedes said sar castically.

"Exactly one hour and a half by the watch."
"And does your little bird wear a watch!" the girl asked, with a demure smile.

"Yes. Oh! he's a very smart little bird, I tell you!"
"Yes. Oh! he's a very smart little bird, I tell you!"
"Whe he ha!" langued the stranger in semplebral.

"I had he he's larger, and he felt the hair upon his head rising in terror.
"Holy Moses! Phat the divil's that?" he muttered.
"Paudeen O'Hoolahan, I have come for you!"
said the figure in strange, hollow tones.
"It it's a trick yer afther, I'll plug a hole through yes!" Paddy cried, in an agony of terror, and catching up his rifle he leveled it at the unknown and pulled the trigger.

For the first time since Paddy had possessed the weapon the rifle missed fire.

There times the fear-stricken Irishman pulled the trigger, and three times the caps refused to explode, and announced "Mr. and Mrs. Oliver."

There was a general murmur of surprise, and three times the eaps refused to explode, and every one came hurrying from the other rooms, in time to see Miss Marchmont advance office.

"Ha he ha!" hunghed the stranger in semplebral. Francis Oliver stood.

the part of the servant! Francis Oliver stood before them, with a ludicrously stiff and embearassed air, and Miss Marchmont was shaking hands with a little fairy in white silk, with a wreath of lilies of the valley in her dark hair -the prettiest woman who had made her debu in a London drawing-room during the whole

season. Nowhere did Miss Marchmont appear to greater advantage than in her own house. Abroad, she was often apt to be somewhat brusque in her manner, somewhat dictatorial in her mode of speech; but when she received her guests beneath her own roof, all this harshness was toned down, and a gentle anxiety to please, which was infinitely more charming, took its place. Under the protection of her own household gods she could afford to be her better self, and the stranger within her gates was as sacred in her eyes as if she had been born beneath the tent of a Bedouin sheik. No one ever had reason to complain of their welcome or their entertainment in Mayfair, however coldly the lady of he house might have treated them at other times, and in other homes.

Kitty's visit had, of course, been confined o the rustic circle, of which she was the faworite and the belle. In that humble village people went to see each other, because the ound pleasure in so doing, and welcomed each other kindly, because their hearts were full of good-will. The country girl was simple enough to imagine that the same state of things ex-isted in London. She knew nothing of the art of reezing human beings into nonentities, which s practiced with such perfect success in good ociety. She had no idea that a host or hostess night, like "Mary in the birchen lane" of the old song, often "say one thing and mean another," and welcome her cordially to house and nome with their lips, while in their hearts they vished her at the bottom of the Red Sea. onsequently, the marked kindness of Mis Marchmont's reception was in one sense lost upon her. But Mr. Oliver felt it deeply. Whatever Miss Marchmont did, became fashion among her own peculiar circle, and there was little fear of Kitty after she had been so kindly sheltered by that protecting hand.

It was a nervous ordeal for so proud and so sensitive a man. The men and women to whom his wife was about to be presented, ere of the royal rank in literature, highly educated, satirical, and fastidious to a fault, Among the group was one of the most celebrated writers of the day, famous above all other things for the skill with which he fastened upon some salient point in a character, gave it a humorous twist, and held it up for the amusement of his readers. The man could no more help quizzing than he could breathing; what if he should select Kitty as the model for his new heroine? Mr Oliver trembled and wiped his forehead at the bare idea, and finally sought refuge in the chessparlor, quite unable to stand and watch the process of victimization as it went on.

Mr. Oliver called himself a student of human nature, and flattered himself that he understood the world and its people a trifle better than most of his neighbors. But, with all his wisdom, he had never learned one thing, which little Kitty seemed to understand intuitively It was this: That no man or woman can ever be ridiculous so long as they are simply and naturally themselves. If we go frankly into society and say, "Here I am, ugly, awkward, stupid, it may be, but still ready to do my we are accepted as Tranking among those whose opinion is worth caring for: and our ugliness, our awkwardness, our stupidity is forgiven and overlocked. when we seek to go beyond our natural places
—when we wear borrowed feathers when we ape airs and graces—when we endeavor in every way possible, as the old song has it, "to astonish the Browns," we make spectacles of ourselves and, as a matter of course, find society laughing heartily, both at the attempts and the ludicrous failures.

Little Kitty met her new acquaintances frankly and simply, but with a shy, timid grace that went very far to win their hearts She talked with people, who had hitherto been known to her only through their books, and, with their help, talked very well. Miss Marchmont said little, but listened attentively and watched Kitty's face when she was not looking her way. The great humorist sat down besid the young wife, and seemed to forget that his mission in life was to quiz every human being who fell in his way, for he was listening to her account of the little cottage, and the good old father, and the faithful house-dog she had left behind, as if she was repeating a sweet little A young poet, who had been admiring poem. her fresh and artless beauty for some time in silence, now joined in the conversation, and asked her some questions about the New For There Kitty was perfectly at home. Her face flushed up, her eyes kindled, her lips smiled upon the speaker, and for the next ten minutes green trees waved over the heads of the listeners, forest brooks murmured, and wild birds sang. Kitty had the gift of description which places a scene before the hearer's eye, with all its poetry of life, and c lor and mo tion, and the authors exchanged glances when she finished, as if they discovered an unexpect ed prize. Then the "lady of the lost tribes," as the eastern authoress was sportively nick named, sat down to the piano, and, urged by her and by them all, Kitty sang a quaint little forest ballad, which she had warbled many a time in the hot summer afternoons beside that well-remembered brook. Her voice, though not peculiarly strong, was very sweet, and the simple, sad music suited it well. Mr. Oliver entered just as the last notes were dying away, and could scarcely believe his eyes when he peremonious visit, and the bad behavior of saw the group that pressed around her with smiles and thanks. As soon as possible he contrived to get beside Miss Marchmont and crossquestion her.

"What is it? what have they been doing with her? what has she been singing?" "One of the sweetest ballads you ever heard in your life. Do you know, Mr. Oliver, she has quite surprised me. I had no idea there was so much in her."

"In little Kitty?" His eyes dwelt upon his wife a moment with surprise. He could see her beauty, her youth, her freshness as well as any one, but self-esteem blinded him to all else that was worthy of admiration about her. If the humorist had come up to him and said: "Sir, I admire your wife, One week from that day Miss Marchmont was "At Home" in Mayfair. Her pretty woman," he would have felt sure that the man woman," he would have felt sure that the man

was laughing at him in his sleeve. Kitty was good, she was gentle, she was devoted, faithful sweet-tempered, and obliging, he was ready to acknowledge all that. But as for any latent talent and hidden genius, any possibility or probability of cleverness beneath that simple modest exterior-pshaw! the idea was quite

So blinded, he took her home that evening when the pleasant party broke up. And since he could not hide from himself that her first appearance had been a decided success, he set it modestly down to the fact of her being his wife! It was to him and to his works this indirect homage was paid! And, with this gratifying reflection, he bade Kitty good-night and went placidly to sleep.

> CHAPTER XI. CHAPTER XI.
>
> THE SEVERED CHAIN.
>
> "There's a love that keeps
> A constant watch-fire light,
> With a flame that never sleeps
> Through the longest winter night.
> It is not always wise,
> And it is not always blest,
> For it bringeth tearrul eyes,
> And it leaves a sighing breast.
> A fairer lot hath he
> Who loves awhile, then goes,
> Like the linnet from the tree,
> Or the wild bee from the rose.
> Oh, love! love! love!
> Soon makes the hair turn gray,
> When only one fills all the heart,
> And that one's far away."
>
> —ELIZA COOK.
>
> E months passed by, and the beautifu

Some months passed by, and the beautiful ummer was on the earth once more. Eden smiled in the warm sunshine; but the face of its young mistress was paler and more thoughtful than of old. Something was evidently wrong. Was it the home? It could scarce be that.

And yet as she sat looking out upon the lawn and garden that beautiful May day, she seemed to take little note of birds, of sunshine, or of flowers. Her husband's last book, fresh from the press, was lying open on her knee.

Kitty, after she had read it, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and went off into a reverie of the most somber description. The publishing of that book had been a bitter mortification to her. It was full of cutting allusions, of bitter complainings, which she understood better than any of its other readers could possibly do. It seemed strange, indeed, that domestic misery should enter that modern paradise, and

Living with scarcely a wish ungratified, what cause was there for Kitty's lips ever to breathe a sigh, or for Kitty's heart to throb wearily in her bosom? For a time she had been perfectly happy. Her home was a beautiful one; every wish she formed was quickly indulged, and her husband was as fond and devoted as her lover had been. It was long, long before she would own that she ever missed the small white cot-

tage at Brook, even in her dreams.

For three months the sunshine lasted; then the shadow came. By degrees a dreadful fear crept over the young wife's heart. Could it be that Francis loved her less than when he woed her from her humble home? He was not often with her. He was scrupulously polite in public, but silent and careless in his manner in private. He vawned, too, scores of times, when she was singing, and excused himself from a tete-o-tete at the fires de, by a plea of "business" each evening. She knew it was a false one; she knew he had no "business" to occupy his time; and she grew pale and ill with jeal-ousy—of what or whom she could not say at

This was the state of things to which her husband, in his latest additions to his new novel, had made such unnecessary, such cruei allusions. As she read the pa sages, and knew why, how, and when he had penned them, her

around her, Kitty heard a light step in the passage—a light knock at the door.

came in and put her arms around her waist. "Alone, and sad, I think," she said, gently. "You are right."

"And what can make you sad?" Kitty did not answer for a moment. Then she looked up in her friend's face. "Will you be angry if I ask you a ques-

tion?" "I am never angry with you. Ask what you like. "Why have you never married, Olive?"

The lady's cheek flushed deeply, "Some people would perhaps say because I uld not. You know to the contrary how-There is a reason; but I would rather not tell it to you,'

"I heard you give one last night, Olive, to your cou in Margaret." Where were you?"

"Sleeping on the divan in the library at our house. Your voices awoke me. That vour bouse. was the first thing I heard, and the last you "Good heavens, Kitty! I did not mean-"

"I know you would not have said it, if you had known I was there. I think I shall never forget the words: that you had avoided marriage because von believed a man always tired of his wife—that when Mr. Oliver married, you oped to see the exception to the rule—butvoice faltered sadly-"since he had known La Stella, you feared he was like all his kind

Miss Marchmont looked and felt deeply distressed. But she could not retract her words, or tell the young wife that her information was "Have you seen Mr. Oliver since?" she

asked, at last, "No. Oh, Olive! I have not spoken to him for three days! He has scarcely been in the

house during that time. He who was always by my side once. It will kill me. I shall die." "No." And Miss Marchmont bent down Kitty, to win him back again. I am sure he loves you after all. Courage! All will yet be

"When?" said Kitty, with a heavy sigh. 'Ah, Olive, my beart is breaking! I thou ht I could make him so happy; and it seems to me that he scarcely knows if I am in the world or out of it. Look at his book, too! What will people think of him—of me—of our home when they see it? Oh, it is too hard—too

And, burying her face in her hands, she burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Miss Marchmont scarcely knew what to say. Mr. O iver's admiration of the new singer was a standing jest among his friends; and though she had hoped to keep it a secret from Kitty, it was out at last. Vexed and annoyed with herself for having been the means of enlightening her, she sat in silence till the storm passed over, and then did her best to heal the wound she had so carelessly made.

"My dear child, don't cry so," she said. "It is nothing-nothing, I assure you. I had heard suffering and the lapse of years. some idle gossip which I ought not to have list-

ened to for a moment, still less repeated. If you go on like that, you will make me very un-

happy."
"How can I help it?" said Kitty, wiping away her tears. "I see that he has ceased to care for me; and I, oh, I love him more dearly than ever! Why did this woman come here to take him from me?"

'My dear, if all reports are true, she does not care a pin for him; so there is no necessity for you to cry your eyes out on her accoun Tell me all you know about it.

suppose I know quite as much as my neighbors, which is really very little after all. La Stella is very good looking, very graceful, very fascinating, and Mr. Oliver has been foolish enough to express his admiration of her rather more publicly than a married man ought to do. That is all, upon my word, Kitty. Stella is quite as respectable as you or I, for aught I know to the contrary. She lives very quietly with her poor old mother, and she is engaged to a young Italian, who often sings with her. They say she laughs heartily at Mr Oliver's infatuation, and has never encouraged it in the least. In fact, I do not think he ever saw her off the stage in his life."

Kitty breathed more freely for a moment. Have you ever seen La Stella?" she asked. "Once or twice. "I must see her, too. She sings to-night.

You must go with me to London. "My dear child!"

"You must!" "Do you know I am almost sure that Mr. Oliver will be there?"

"Well, I cannot help it," said Kitty, deantly. "I shall go all the same."
In that willful mood there was no controling fiantly. her, and Miss Marchmont gave way. evening they entered a private box at the opera, and took their places just as the over-

ture was finished. The house was crammed from pit to ceiling, and every eye was fixed anxiously upon the orchestra, whose signal was to bring the queen

of the night before them Kitty, gazing eagerly about the house, and only for one face, soon discovered it. Her husband sat alone in the stage-box; his head leaned upon his hand; he trifled with a crown of roses lying on the cushion before him; he looked pale, and the poor wife thought, also, sad. Was he by chance thinking of her, and the roses she gave him at the garden-gate of her father's cottage, not many months ago?

A low agrial strain, breathed from a score of instruments, gave the preconcerted signal. As if in answer to the magic music, a slender, graceful figure stood before them, dressed in the flowing robes, and crowned with the wreath of "Norma

Kitty leaned forward, and looked at her, eagerly. That was La Stella—the woman who had won her husbands heart. She felt sure of it, as she watched him while scene af ter scene passed on.

Seemingly unconscious of the critical eyes that were watching, and the critical ears that were listening, La Stella threw herself into her part with an intense earnestness that subdued and thrilled her hearers, and hushed them to a perfect silence. She smiled to herself at that great tribute to her genius, as she leaned against a pillar, exhausted with her overwrought

The multitude, recovered from their trance,

began to shout for "La Stella."

The manager brought her before the curtain. Every one rose instinctively; and the theater was a scene of rightful excitement. "La Stella!" "La Stella!" was the shout from tier to tier, and among the deluge of wreaths and bouquets that fell at her feet, a crown of snowwhite roses was se n to flutter down; she stoop ed for it h rself, and casting a glance toward courage and her faith gave way.

Thinking all these melancholy thoughts, with the bright May sunshine falling pleasantly around her. Kitty board a light way in the course of the stage with it in her hand. Kitty clung to Miss Marchmont, and her hart semed dying within hr.

"Oh! you said she did not care for him!" sage—a light knock at the door.

"Enter," she said, listlessly, for she knew it was not her husband; and Miss Marchmont

"Miss Marchmont drew the curtains hurriedly Miss Marchmont drew the curtains hurriedly in front of the box; and said, under her breath:

"Don't be absurd; don't make a scene; for people are looking this way already. And, more than that, I am sure that Mr. Oliver saw us just now, and that he will be here dir ctly. She was not mistaken. The door of the box

ppened, and Mr. Oliver, pale with anger, stood before them. He bowed formally to Miss Marchmont, and offered his arm to Kitty. She took it without a word; for she was too unhappy to speak, and they left the box together. Miss Marchmont gazed after them with a look of blank dismay; then the ludicrous side of the incident struck her fancy, and laughing a little, she sat down again to watch the progress of the afterpi ce. Bitter words and angry reproaches passed

between the married pair that night. The breach was too serious to be healed, the wound too deep to be forgiven. Before the morning dawned, they had separated, perhaps forever! And Francis Oliver was on his way to the continent, while Kitty, angry and resentful, still remained in their once happy home. On the first evening after Mr. Oliver's de-

parture, Kitty visited their most familiar haunt within the grounds of Gan Eden. A few hasty words, spoken in the heat of pride and anger, had served to break the gol-

den chain that bound them together. No one could take the place of that lost friend -no one could be to her all that the lost lover had been. This, then, was the end of all! Here her

dreams of love must end with the ending of its reality-here all thoughts of happiness be laid down for ever! Ah, how differently she had pictured the fortune of the future, when Fran cis Oliver first wooed her for his bride. leaned her head upon her hands, too worn out and bewildered to weep. She thought of her mother's grave in the little hillside churchyard "No." And Miss Marchmont bent down at Brook, and then the deepest yearning of and kissed her tears away. "You shall live, the sorrowful heart broke out: "Oh, mother! mother! why did you leave

me? Why do you not come to comfort me now ?" It was a bitter hour—a hard struggle—a terrible lesson; but, after all, only the common one which every son of Adam and daughter of

Eve must have by heart before they die Do I seem to dwell too long upon this shadowy portion of my "'ower true tale?" Gladly would I make it more full of sunshine, but facts forbid. When those of whom I write linger long amid the tempest and the storm, what am I to do but linger there also, and faithfully trace each step that led them out once

more to the light of day? Wearily and sadly the summer days passed

Kitty was young and unused to pain—she had been treated harshly and unkindly, and resented that treatment as only a young and unbroken spirit could do. The discipline which should soften, and purify, and fit her for happiness could only come to her aid after much

(To be continued-commenced in No. 359.)

BATURDAY LOUBNALD -E-3

WHAT THE YEARS TELL.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER

A maiden as fair as the dawning Of hope, in life s bright morning. Was standing beside youth's river, And watching the crystal waves. But the rythmical beat Of the waves at her feet— Only murmur that life is sweet.

And she smiled at the musical beating
Of the waves that were ever repeating,
In a monotone, low and tender,
The hope that the spirit craves.
And her laugh was gay,
As she hastened away,
To dream of life as a summer day.

But the nears told the beautiful maiden
That life was a vessel, grief-laden,
For the hopes of youth's bright springtime
Were buried in loved ones graves.
Youth's promise so fair
Had vanished in air,
And her heart drifted down to the sea of
despair.

Now a world-weary woman is standing By the river where death's bark is landing, And she welcomes the cold rushing waters That over her spirit laves. She had watched the years, With awakening fears, And learned that life was a river of tears.

SURE-SHOT SETH,

The Boy Rifleman;

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX

PRINCIPLE OF THE FLOATING CABIN.

WHEN Seth and Neptune entered the cabin, Vishnia was playing upon the harp from which she had called forth such ravishing strains a few nights previous on Rock Island. The old man motioned Seth to a seat, then sat down himself, and burying his face in his hands re-mained silent until his daughter had ceased playing. Then, raising his head and nervous ly running his fingers through his gray locks, he took a book from the shelf near at hand, and turning to Seth, read, in a clear voice, a

"PRINCIPLES OF FLOTATION.—When a body is plunged into a liquid, it is urged downward by its proper weight, and upward by the buoyant effort of the liquid. If the density of the immersed body is the same as that of the liquid, its weight will be equal to the buoyant effort of the liquid, and it will remain in equilibrium wherever it may be placed. If the density of the body is greater than that of the liquid, its weight will be greater than that of the liquid, its weight will be greater than the buoyant effort and the body will sink to the bottom. If the density of the body is less than that of the liquid, its weight will be less than the buoyant effort, and the body will rise to the surface. The body will continue to rise until the weight of the displaced liquid equals that of the body, when it will come to a rest."

"Now," said the old man closing the book

"Now," said the old man, closing the book "these are the philosophical principles upon which my craft here is constructed. I have always been a firm believer in the ability of talent and genius to construct a submarine house and boat, in which people may live and travel under water as well as on the surface of the earth and water. The former I have demonstrated to my satisfaction. In the first place, I had a reservoir constructed thirty feet ong, twelve feet wide, and twelve inches deep. Its capacity, therefore, is three hundred and sixty cubic feet. It was made air-tight, and provided with stop-cock and faucets, and loaded with stone until its density was almost equal to that of the water. Then on top of this reservoir this cabin was erected, and the ad itional weight caused the reservoir to sink still deeper so that a part of the cabin is submerged. You can see that the threshold of the door is two feet above the floor, which brings is always under water. The cabin, as you saw. was covered with galvanized sheet-iron, all sol dered together, and the door and windows made to close hermetically. As the amount of water displaced by the air chamber below, is equal to the weight of the unsubmerged part of the cabin, all I have to do, to sink the whole con cern is to open a faucet and let the reservoir fill with water, when down we go. The shape of the roof aids the downward pressure. While

those pipes overhead that project above the surface of the water. "But suppose you should sink beyond your depth, then those pipes would flood the inte-

-

"That is an obstacle that I propose to over-come soon," continued the old man, thought-"I propose to invent an apparatus which a supply of fresh air can be had at pleasure, even when fathoms below the surface But, when I wish to rise to the surface, I force the water from the reservoir below by means of this force-pump; and the buoyant effort carries me to the surface. This much have I demonstrated in living under the water. As to traveling under the water, I am a firm believer in its accomplishment; and have already invented a little machine that travels. by means of a screw worked by a series of clock-works just underneath the surface of the | floor. water. As soon as I had accomplished this the idea of a self-moving torpedo was suggested to my mind; and as rumors of a war were abroad in the land, I thought it a good time to invent something of the kind, and so I went to doubtless seen illustrated within the past few

days. "I have seen a savage canoe and raft blown out of the water within the past day or two, if that is what you have reference to," answered Seth, who had become deeply interested in

the old man's explanations. "It is; and if I had possessed more than the two torpedoes, no savage canoe would ever have reached my cabin. Since the last attack, however, I have completed another ready for some desperate emergency, for which I am

But I don't see how you can send your tor pedoes so direct as to intercept the craft of the

enemy every time," said Seth

"Well, it requires care. The instrument being shaped somewhat like a fish, has, what I call 'sights,' on each end, by means of which I get it set on a line directly with the object I wish it to strike. The principal machinery is submerged, and to prevent it sinking, a buoy is attached to it which floats on the water's surface. If the water is smooth and there is no cross waves, or other objects to interfere, the doubtless lead to a solution of the mystery con machine will glide away in a line straight as a bullet could travel. When the canoe is reached, an upright wire, that protrudes just above the water, strikes the boat, and having connection with the inside machinery, fires a pistol plosion follows. So far, I have tested it only them was clear and transparent almost as the on a small scale; but propose to apply the same atmosphere. A hundred little minnows darted door. But Seth and the old man resolved to the wild brains of the over-triumphant war-

motor to a magazine sufficient to blow a shipof-war out of existence.

"I daresay you will succeed; but I am sur-prised at your coming here, into this wild, savage country to pursue your experiments," said

"Tis the seclusion, the seclusion, my son, that I sought out here," the old man said, glancing vaguely out across the lake. "Neptune, then, is not your name?" observed

Seth. "Not at all," was the laconic reply of the old

Seth relapsed into silence; he saw that the old man had communicated all that he seemed desirous of doing, and, finally, he rose and going to where Maggie and Vishnia were seated

"Maggie, your father and friends mourned you as dead yesterday when they saw this craft

sink beneath the waves. "Poor papa!" said Maggie, sadly, "I know he must have suffered," and the tears welled up into her eyes.

"Yes; and had you been lost I would have considered myself, in a measure, the cause; for I should not have left you the other day when

You did only what you supposed to be for the best, Seth," she said, gently.
"I know it; but then I cannot be too thought-

ful of one who saved my life at great expense "It was not only a duty, but a reas Maggie answered, her eyes sparkling with all the true inwardness of a woman's love; "if

the future has no perils, I'll never regret the

"Well, I hope our dangers are past; but I fear we have much trouble yet to encounter. A few moments ago I saw our enemy, Ivan Le Clercq. Yesterday I stood face to face with him. It is his desire to get you into his pow-er, and me out of existence. He is a despe-Yesterday I stood face to face with rate character, and I shall always believe that he knew of the intended attack on the Agency, if he did not help plan it. Without some previous merit he could not have attained the pow er of a war-chief in a single day. I daresay

he has been the enemy's agent among us.' "Friend March," called out old Neptune, who was standing at the open door, "will you come this way a moment? I want your opinion

on a little matter." "Yes, sir," answered Seth, and he walked down to the old man.

"What do you think of the prospect for a battle?" the latter asked, pointing out upon the lake where three canoes, filled with savages, were approaching.

"Too promising," answered Seth; "but if you will provide me with a rifle I assure you they'll not all reach here alive, if I know my-

"That you can have, Seth, 'replied old Neptune, and turning aside he took a rifle from the wall and handed it to the youth; "I have heard that you are called Sure Shot on account of your marksmanship; so now I want to see your skill demonstrated."

They went out upon the platform. Seth looked the rifle carefully over, balanced it upon his hand, tried the trigger and peeped through the sights. Then with a satisfied air he drew the hammer back, raised the piece, and, taking deliberate aim at the nearest savage, fired. A yell followed the report; and the next moment not a savage was to be seen. They had elevated, over the prow of each ca-noe, a sort of a breastwork made of slabs thick enough to resist bullets. Three or four of these had been made fast to cross-pieces, and being about five feet long and four wide complete-

ly covered the inmates of each boat. No sooner did Neptune discover this than his face assumed a look of serious gravity. He shook his head in a doubtful manner, and then turning to Seth said:

"I am afraid we will be unable to repel that

'They are well covered from bullets, friend | Seth. the line of flotation nearly the same hight above the floor, so that a portion of the cabin mined on the capture of your craft. However, can prepare to give them a reception.

"Let them come," said the old man, "if they get the boat they'll have to dive for it." Then you propose to sink?"

'Come in; want you to realize the marvels of Nature under the waves," answered the Seth turned and followed him into the cabin. The door was closed and barred, and panels

ere placed over each window, shutting out thus submerged, we receive fresh air through the light. "The Indians are coming again, children," the old man said to the two girls, "and we

have got to go down.' Vishnia was unmoved by the news; but Maggie grew a shade pale, and her eyes having sought those of Seth she involuntarily drew

nearer to him through fear and the yearnings of her young heart. Neptune walked to one end of the room and eizing a post that protruded through the floor

pulled it upward a few inches Instantly, almost, Seth felt a tremor pas through the cabin followed by the rush and roar of water under them. There was a down motion of the building; a cloud seemed to pass over the windows and the cabin came to rest upon the bottom of the lake. Waves dashed over the structure and quite a shower fell down through the open ventilator onto the

With a feeling akin to awe, Sure Shot Seth realized that the cabin was beneath the waves and mechanically glanced around as if expect ing to see the sides of the structure give way under the pressure upon it. But in a moment work; and how well i succeeded, you have all became settled, and stepping under one of the holes in the roof he glanced through it. He saw the blue sky, and heard the surge of the waves above him.

"What do you think of my sub-marine hut, Seth?" the old man asked, his face beaming

with satisfaction. "So far it is a success," answered our hero:

but if the enemy finds out the use of those pipes it would be an easy matter for them to flood us in here.' But I don't want them to find it out," re

plied Neptune. "1 don't want one of them nosing around."

'But how are you going to prevent their 'I cannot prevent it; but should one of them dare to look down one of the chimneys he

will be shot while in the act.' 'Yes, you can do that," replied Seth; for all, the youth felt that their situation would be a dangerous one should the enemy make a close investigation of the sunken craft. this they were likely to do, for the cabin having risen from a previous submersion would

nected with it. Several minutes elapsed. The water had become still. A clear twilight pervaded the submarine hut. Seth went to where Maggie stood, and together the two walked to one of which in turn fires the magazine, and the ex- the windows and gazed out. The water around

and flashed across their vision like birds in the ir. Some of them grew bolder and bolder, and approached within a few feet of the winlow-pane. Presently a whole shoal of large dow-pane. Presency a whole shoal of large fish came trooping along and began to hover around the window. A huge fellow finally approached the glass slowly, cautiously. He came so close that Seth and Maggie could see nis bright eyes, the movement of his fins, and the very quiver of his nose. Its curiosity seemed as great as that of the lovers.

The scene was a beautiful one, rendered all the more grand by the sun's rays, which, falling obliquely upon the water, encircled the fish n all the prismatic colors of the rainbov

" sn't that delightful?" exclaimed Maggie orgetting their danger in her admiration for he scene, and joy at being at Seth's side.
"It is very beautiful," answered Seth, en-

"Yes, it is beautiful, my young friends,"

said Neptune; "but suppose we were in the middle of the sear What grand sights would e presented to our gaze! Fish of all kinds he monsters of the deep; beautiful submarine orests; mountains and valleys, and the wondrous formations of the coralline polypi. I shall yet complete a boat similar to this, by which I will descend to the bottom of old ocean, and there gaze upon the wonders, and drag to light the mysteries, of the deep. I tell you this is no dream—it's stern reality."

"I hope you may be successful, Neptune," replied Seth, "for the dangers and privations

ou are undergoing in the interest of science de erve great reward.

At this juncture a shadow appeared over the window where the young folks stood.

A little cry burst from Maggie's lips and she

hrank closer to Seth, grasping his arm as if o prevent falling. The color faded from her heeks; her lips grew white with fear; and er eyes became fixed as they gazed upward hrough the window of the cabin

"What is it, Maggie?" asked Seth. "Look!" she answered, removing her face from the pane.

Seth did as directed, and, to his surprise and orror, beheld a cance resting upon the sur-ace of the lake, nearly over them; while in ne craft he could distinctly see four savages all of whom were gazing down through the

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEPTUNE NEPTUNE NO MORE!

SETH started back in alarm, calling the atention of Neptune to the proximity of the

The old man evinced some uneasine advancing to the pane, looked out. The foe were still there, the canoe appearing to rest in the air above, so clear and transparent was the water. They were still gazing down at the little window, their black ferret-like eyes seeming to dart rays of diabolical terror into the very souls of our friends.

Neptune stood and watched them for a monent, then turned away. Seth noticed that a ook of uneasiness was upon his face; and when he saw the old man take a brace of re-volvers from a box on his work-bench and examine their priming, he felt satisfied that omething was about to occur—that the cabin

was in danger. "The red scavengers of the forest may give us trouble, my young friends," he said.
"They have doubtless discovered the nature of our boat, and may tamper with those airpipes, three of which are open. But in order that their curiosity, should it lead them to look through one of the openings, may be fully satisfied, I want each tube guarded, and the moment a red-skin's face appears above it, a bullet put through his savage brain."

But suppose they undertake to chop off those pipes below water-mark without exposing themselves, what'll we do?" questioned

"In such a case we will have to rise to the surface and fight it out," replied Neptune.

at the window, "the canoe is moving over the cabin. "Seth, here is a revolver; watch that tube

will you?" asked Neptune. Seth took the weapon, and scarcely had he taken his position under the pipe ere a dark object appeared at the upper end, and in a noment all light was excluded therefrom Believing it to be a red-skin's face, he raised his revolver and fired. A groan of agony, folowed by the dripping of something warm up on his hands, and the appearance of daylight at the top of the tube, told the youth that his aim had been fatal. Several drops of blood upon his hands and the floor substantiated this

peyond a doubt. The dip of paddles, the sound of excited roices, and the plash of the water above, told of the excitement that prevailed among red-skins. And this increased the fears of old Neptune; for he now saw that his submarine nut was not invulnerable to the attack of ene mies. To prevent accident, he caused the panels to be closed over the windows, thus exluding all light except that which struggled

faintly down through the pipes above. For some time the little band was kept in dire suspense by the foe. What their next movement would be, they could not conjecture They entertained hopes of the red-skins with drawing; but as the moments passed, and their presence continued above, these hopes were ispelled by the sound of a blow like that of an ax, which sent a tremor through the whole building and a chill to the hearts of its in-

The meaning was obvious enough—the en-emy had attacked the pipes with their hatch-One blow after another fell in rapid suc-

A cry of terror burst from Vishnia's lips, while, with a look of awful resolve on her fa-ther's face, he sprung to the pump in the cen-With all the power of a ter of the room. Hercules, he applied himself to the work of saving himself and friends. The cords and veins upon his face and neck swelled out under the mighty internal force that pervaded his whole being.

The pump worked almost noiselessly, and as the water, which overcame the buoyant effort of the structure, was gradually forced from reservoir beneath by the double-action machine, the submarine cabin began to rise to ward the surface. Nothing was more evident of this fact than the cries of dismay and baffled triumph that rose from the lips of the red-skins. Their blows upon the tubes ceased, but were resumed upon the sides of the plated structure with the fury of demons.

ten minutes' time had reached its line of flota-Then the faucet and stop-cock were

They had now escaped drowning no doubt to encounter another death more horrible at the overboard into a watery grave. hands of the red barbarians thundering at the

sell their lives dearly, and with revolvers in riors, and they at once jumped into their ca-

heavy upon the sides of the building and the door; and our friends knew the thin walls, however strong, could not long resist the ter-

Pushing aside one of the panels that protected a window, Neptune thrust his revolver through the glass and opened a deadly fire upon the foe, driving them beyond range around the angle of the building. This he repeated, with the assistance of Seth, up in the other sides, and to their happy surprise the enemy was compelled to beat a retreat shoreward with serious loss. They had, however, gained a partial victory. They had unraveled the mystery of the submarine hut, and inflicted such damage upon it as would prevent its be ing sunk with impunity again. The windows were shattered, and in several places the wall had been battered and hacked until daylight was visible through it. In fact, the floating abin of old Neptune was almost a wreck.

Neptune sighed with the deepest regret as he looked upon the ruthless spoilation of his craft—the end of his vague, but cherished hopes of immortality.

The men went out upon the porch and gazed around them. A shout of triumph greeted them from the western shore, and the presence of the Boy Brigade evoked an answer from the lips of Neptune and Seth. Old Joyful Jim came close to the water's edge and shouted aloud to those upon the craft; but Satan himself seemed to have sent his imps broad-cast throughout the Black Woods, and before answer could be given back, a horde of red

skins put the Brigade to flight.
"It seems as though we are all doomed to certain destruction," said the old man, grave

ly, seriously.

Yes: those red-skins will give us no peace as iong as we are upon this craft," answered Seth; "therefore I would suggest that we leave it under cover of the coming night.

"But, my boy," replied Neptune, "you will not have strength to endure a long, laporious flight. You are thin and pale as a

"I know I have suffered the loss of strength and blood; but I think I could stand a forced march to the Agency.

'Perhaps," replied Neptune, gazing away like one plunged in deep mental delibera-tion; then, after several minutes' silence, he continued: "I presume we will have to quit Lake Luster until this Indian war is over; and if so, the sooner we go the better. Therefore we must avail ourselves of the shadows of the coming night, as you suggest, Seth, and ge

With this understanding, the little party made preparations for flight. A gloom settled upon the brow of Neptune over the thought of deserting his quiet retreat. But Vishnia seemed pleased with the idea that was to release her from the seclusion of a wildwood prison and her dangerous thraldom.

The day wore slowly away, and night at last settled like a pall over the land, enfolding all in one sheet of purple gloom. There was no air stirring; the sky was covered with a sable mist, and a weird, foreboding dullness seemed to pervade all nature. It even affected the

spirits of our friends adversely Soon after darkness had fully set in, Neptune and his party began their retreat. means of a long pole, the raft was set in mo-tion by the old man. They moved slowly to-ward the western shore, the nearest point to land. It was their intention to approach the shore as near as possible, then take to the two

In towing the cumbersome craft across the water, scarcely a sound was produced; and the little band was fast nearing the shore, and building up strong hopes of escaping without letection, when two canoes shot alongside o them and a dozen dusky figures in the boats became visible to the eyes of old Neptune, who

was on the lookout for danger.

Turning, he sprung into the cabin and closed the door after him. A yell rose in the night, fiendish and jarring. Blows fell upon the cabin thick and furious. Another attack had

My God, we are attacked again!" shouted old Neptune, growing furious with rage and disappointment. A cry of despair escaped the maidens' lips.

The light inside was at once put out; the windows opened, and a random firing opened upon the foe; but with but little success. darkness favored the enemy.

In the midst of the tumult of the attack a

shrill cry resembling that of a beaver was heard to come from out upon the lake. Seth, who stood near the window, recognized

it as the cry of Justin Grav, the Beaver, and at once gave an answering signal.

Then from other directions rose the sharp bark of a fox, the howl of a wolf, the scream

of a panther, and the hoot of an owl. There was a lull in the attack as these sounds ssued through the night. By bitter experience

the savages had learned their import, coming, "Glory!" exclaimed Seth, beside himself, 'the Boy Brigade is near, and rest assured it

will give an account of itself, and that soon

The savages resumed the attack on the cabin all the more furious, as if determined to destroy its inmates before the Brigade could come to their assistance. In several places the wall was hewn through, but the covering of sheet-iron closely nailed to the wood, made it difficult for them to effect much headway in gaining an entrance with their light tomahawks However, they cut and hacked away until sud denly a yell of agony from one of them cause the whole party to suspend operations. savage that uttered the cry fell backward into the lake, and although the besieged had kep up a vigorous but random firing, he was the first that received serious injury. been wounded by those inside, his comrades had not a doubt; and having dragged him from the water and placed him in one of their canoes, the attack was resumed.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed when another warrior tumbled into the water with a fright ful scream of agony; and as no shot had been fired from the interior of the cabin, the say ages knew that a new and silent enemy had appeared upon the scene of action. Silence was imposed upon the party, and all listened with bated breath. A savage advanced to the edge of the platform in front of the cabin, and leaning forward, peered down at the water He caught the outlines of a black, spherical ob ject lying upon the surface of the lake not ten eet from him; but before he could make his The cabin continued to rise rapidly, and in discovery known, the object raised slightly and thrust forward a long, slender rod with a sharp lance-point which entered his throat, completetion. Then I be laucet and stop-cots were largely and Neptune's labor was done for the time being.

A half-moan, half-cry, mingled with a horrible gurgling, gasping sound, followed, and the doomed red-skin went

Something of the truth now began to enter

sell their lives dearly, and with revolvers in hand stood ready for the worst.

The blows of the red-skins fell thick and heavy upon the sides of the building and the suspected of being the Boy Brigade. But their search proved an unfortunate one. At every turn they were met by the deadly point of a knife fixed upon a long pole; and it at once became necessary for them to act upon the defensive. They beat a hasty retreat from the vicinity of Neptune's cabin with the loss of several men and one of their eral men and one of their canoes.

No sooner was their flight an assured fact. ere a shout of triumph went up from the water around the cabin; and a moment later five of the Boy Brigade climbed upon the cabin platform, where they were greeted by Sure Shot Seth, their young leader, and old Nep-

tune. "Boys," said Seth, "you have saved us." "Glad to hear it, Sure Shot Seth," replied Justin Gray.

"How has it gone with the Brigade since I left it?" asked Seth, anxious to hear from all his followers. "All right with but one exception. Teddy

O'Rook disappeared yesterday, and I presume he is killed. An exclamation of bitter anguish escaped Seth's lips, for he loved Teddy as a brother.

"We must get away from here," he said;
"the enemy is too strong for us. The Brigade
can't work when confined to one place." "Yes; and the sooner you leave the better," said Gray, "for they are growing stronger all

"My son," replied Neptune, "we are all ready to depart—in fact were making ashore for that purpose, when the red barbarians at-

tacked us. I will proceed to launch my canoe Justin and his four companions did not enter the cabin, for, in taking to the water as they did, they had been compelled to divest themselves of most of their clothing. They entered the canoe that they had captured from the savages and stood out a few rods from the

cabin, waiting for the others. In a few moments Neptune had launched his rubber boats alongside the platform and placed a few simple articles of food and clothing in them. Then the old man and his daughter, and Seth and Maggie bid farewell to the submarine hut and entered the boats. As the small boat would carry but one person, and the large one barely three, the old man took the

former, and Seth and the two maidens the lat-Justin Gray and his four companions led the way; Seth and his fair friends came next, while Neptune brought up the rear.

It was with no little difficulty that the leading boat was followed, owing to the darkness and the extreme silence observed by the members of the Brigade in handling their paddles. Seth, however, being once more in his element, with the responsibility of the two maidens' lives resting upon him, exerted every faculty to keep close behind his friends, and to guard against danger. It was this extra precautionary measure that enabled him to deect, when a few rods from shore, a black object creeping stealthily, at right angles toward them; and having assured himself that it was a canoe filled with enemies, he at once gave the signal of alarm. But it came too late. The

nemy were upon them. (To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

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"WHAT HE SAID.

"You see, boys, I'd thought about marry ing for some time; and when I met Mrs. W. and found that she was precisely the kind of woman I was looking for, for a wife, it didn't take me long to tell her so; and she seemed regularly smitten with me, from the first; even with my natural modesty, I couldn't help perceiving that—so you may be sure she did not show much hesitation about giving her con-

Older? Yes, several years; but then, she had so many redeeming qualities that a fellow could afford to overlook that. I met her on a railroad train. As she was very elegant, and very dashing, and did not seem in the least averse to getting up a flirtation with your humble servant, I made myself as attentive as possible; and was rewarded by the discovery that she was a well-to-do widow—seemingly quite ready to be comforted for her loss; and, better still, an only child of wealthy parents. It was in winter. When she arrived at her destination, her friends having failed to meet her, I summoned up all my Christian grace, stopped over at her station, hired a carriage and drove with her to her aunt's, and went on to the town where business had called me, without neglecting to first beg the privilege of taking her out sleighing the next day. Upon that occasion she insisted that she was greatly in my debt for the chivalrous attentions I, a mere stranger, had paid her; and begged that when I returned to town I would call, and allow papa and mamma to thank me, as she knew they would desire to do.

"I did so; and, as you know, boys, fellows like us are glad to get hold of a woman who will make an adoring wife, and not have an overplus of strong-mindedness, and will believe implicitly all you choose to tell her of past and present, without themselves ransacking the re-

"Yes, I tell you, boys, I made a ten-strike when I married Mrs. W.! A fellow can easily tolerate some lack of beauty, a few years too many, and an immense amount of demonstrativeness when he can get a wife who is blissfully unconscious of his having any faults, and makes him the one object of her idolatry."

"WHAT SHE SAID."

"Oh! ladies, how can you think so! What? Be happy with my dear Freddie away from me? Why, I think of him every minute, of every hour, in all the days when he is absent! And when he has been away from home, and sends me a telegram, to tell me he is coming, I don't eat a mouthful until I eat it with him! not if it is hours I have to wait! Cook gets the meals just the same, for pa and ma, and any company we may have, but I can't eat when I know my darling Freddie is coming! Oh, no! I don't think it is silly for any wife to care so much for such a dear husband as I have. He is so devoted to me! He's loved ne from the first moment he saw me, as he often says; and he's so handsome, and so good dear fellow! Why, I don't believe he ever has a thought he doesn't tell me; and it almost reaks his heart because he has to travel, and be away from me so much! If ever a mar riage was made in heaven Freddie's and mine It was so odd how we met; and he be ame so infatuated with me; and the dear fel ow had never thought of marrying until then good wives are so hard to find,' he said, and he never had cared much for female society. "A letter? Oh, from my pet! He's just thinking of me continually when he is away!"

"WHAT THEY BOTH SAID." "Going away again, Pettie? Oh, not soon. I hope! How do you think I can stay down here by the seaside without you? You are going to stop with me a few days, aren't you,

"No, my sweet; I must go on to-night's boat. You know, my love, that I can't bear to leave you; but you must be just as happy as you can without your Freddie, and he'll come back to you in three or four days, baby

"Go away to-night, Pettie? Oh! it is so ruel, it is! You know it breaks my heart so, Freddie, to have you away from me! And going this very day, on the horrid old boat: -oh!—oh!—boo-hoo!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, my baby. Would my precious like me to wait until the morning

"Oh! I don't know, Freddie, dear. I don't want you to go at all!" (Another sob.) "Well, I have to go, you know, baby, love. You see it's business; but I'll wait until the morning train, dearie. So cheer up, dollie, your claret, sweet, and let me see a smile on your precious face."
"WHAT THE WORLD SAID."

(As the three foregoing conversations, and numberless ones like them, took place, respectively, in the wine-room, parlor and dining-sa-loon of a hotel; and he was fair, fat, and thirty; and she was not fair, but fat and forty, "Two fools!!!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A TALK TO MYSELF.

MISS EVE LAWLESS:-Is it really necessary to the good of the community at large, that you should inflict these essays on a too kind and too patient public? Here you come, week after week, month after month, and year af-Don't you think it would be a very good plan for you to set about correcting some of your own follies and shortcomings before scolding other folks into good behavior? Are you as free with your tongue as you are with your pen? Are you free from all failings, or do you ever set yourself up as a target for your own arrows to hit? Don't you, sometimes, think you are a "wee bit" too hard upon suffering humanity, and pick other folks' characployed in mending your own? Here you sit, before your table, and can write about what you please, and know very well that others cannot utter a word in their defense, so, what and you care? You can scold and berate others, and then, maybe, you chuckle to yourself feet and the solution of the solution rs, and then, maybe, you chuckle to yourself like some fiend, and exclaim: "Ha! ha! they annot retaliate—they can't scold back—they don't know who to scold—don't know who I really am!" You can stand in your castle and throw missiles on the poor wayfarer below, but never a blow do you get in return.

That isn't fair; "turn about is fair play all the world over," so I guess I'll give you a talking to, and ease my mind at the same time I hope you do not always feel spiteful, or as if you would like to box somebody's ears and rap their knuckles for them, because that is not a very agreeable way of passing one's time, and you'll not be made any happier for such thoughts. Seriously speaking, I do hope that your random essays are the means of doing some good—that there is some thing in them which will cheer and encourage, aid and help, because that is a mission we all should go about. Such a sight of us need this help—so many need these words of encourage ment, that it were wicked in us to withhold our aid if we can help along another through the briers and brambles of this life. If a pen can help on the good work, why should we not use it? If wrong can be put down and error vanquished by that little instrument, which is said to be mightier than the sword, why should we let it remain idle? So I sometimes believe you are endeavoring to bring about the needed reformation with your pen, and that you are earnestly striving to be a good girl. The idea has not struck me suddenly; I've been thinking over it for some time. No one has inenced me, for my own judgment has led me to this conclusion.

But, then, you may do your work for pay, and that doesn't seem just right, does it? be sure, I suppose you must live, and you can not live without food, and food costs money, so I am told. Well, the clergy and the doctor must have pay, and I guess we'll play it is right you should have some, too.

Perhaps, if you could have had your finger in this week's pie, you'd say something about "you wouldn't have me be good for nothing, would you?" That wouldn't be original, you know. But, you see, some of your hits that make folks feel as if they would like to sink into their boots, and vow they'll never act so again, will cure those follies which you have exposed in them, if you'll promise not to "hit'em ag'in." That's what you write for, eh? You are taking great credit upon yourself. Well, you always were an egotistical piece of feminine work, and I wish brother Tom would constantly get as even with you as he often does. You have had your own way and say, for pay, this many a day, when others from

the rightful path do stray. I, for one, am willing you should continue to fling your advice in our faces, because I can

other people. Take some of your own bitter tral Africa with a large cargo of boot-jacks, for them!

from you again next week, just as though nothing had happened—just as though I had-n't used pen, ink, paper and postage-stumps to and gagged us all, and took charge of the vespay you back in your own coin. Feeling sel, which they steered in another direction. Somewhat relieved, we will bid you good-day, Miss Lawless, and, until we meet again, we'll island, and sailed away. We were never resbury the hatchet, and cry "quits." I am cued. perfectly willing; are you? I suppose you'll You

say "no," because you are so "contrairy. EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Speculations.

I AM a great speculator. I am always spec-lating, even when I am doing nothing, on mething or other, and when I don't make While I was a young man, when I had com-

detely finished my education, and there was nothing more left for me to learn, I set out n the speculating busine

I had often read of the silver moon that 'rolled on," and fully believed that if a man ould get to it he would have a splendid chance of gathering as much of the silver as he could carry back. I studied the thing. The moon always had a great attraction for me, and I was always greatly influenced by it. I reasoned like a savan, of Savannah, that as sometimes the moon was low on the sea, there would be a splendid chance to reach it with a hip, jump on and let the ship wait there until it came back again, when I could jump off. So one night I chartered a steam-tug, and started out to meet it, but before I got there it got pretty high up. Somehow every trip I made after that, it managed to do the same thing, yet I always expected to run against it, and was fearful of damages. I couldn't understand it, and I don't yet. At last I got mad, and abandoned the enterprise, though I did not give it up. After awhile I shall try it over again with a swifter vessel.

I once took a shipload of straw-hats, fans, and refrigerators to Iceland, on a speculation, and let the waiter take away your plate and bring you something nice and warm. And the water boiled up hot out of the ground, but such was not the case. It was dreadful cold. But I sold the fans, which they used to blow off the cold with, and by putting seven or eight straw-hats over each other, and coating them with pitch, they did very well. The re-frigerators went off like cold cakes—from the —and gave perfect satisfaction. can't imagine just how economical those re-frigerators were. You didn't have to put any ice in them, at all, and so they saved a clear outlay of a dollar a week, anyhow. All they had to do, was to put their butter and meat in them, and they would keep, for it was just so cold inside as it was out. I got rid of all I had at twenty-five dollars apiece, and the generous natives wanted to christen me an Icelandic saint, of the first water, but I generously declined the honor. The water-coolers sold rapidly at enormous prices. They were also economical, and they didn't have to put any have said before. Perhaps you argue, that, as "history repeats itself," you can see no reason why Eve should not repeat herself.

Don't you think it would be a repeat herself. of those water-coolers in a small family, in one year, would save money enough to buy a I made a good deal of money in that speculation.

Blivens! If ever John Blivens crosses my path, on my word as an intelligent and polished gentleman, one or the other of us has got to run or die! He took me aside, and with the serenest countenance told me he had a good speculation to suggest, by which I could make fering humanity, and pick other folks characters to pieces when you would be better em-

> ice, invested all the money I had, and sailed to Greenland; but who would have thought of such a thing! I found they had a little ice on hand to sell, and when I finally made my escape from their insane asylum and got home, I hunted for Blivens, but he had made a ery large disappearance, and failed to leave his address. By this I lost every cent I had, and a good many dollars which I didn't have.

> That trip which I made to Congo, with a cargo of plug hats, was very profitable, and to see one whole tribe elegantly attired in them was a wonderful sight, and I regretted that I did not bring the balance of the suit.

I lost money when I took an invoice of pianos to the Fiji Islands; didn't sell a great many, from the fact that the natives complained ecause I failed to bring any music-books, and said without them how could they ever learn to play any operatic airs?

My next venture was to start with a cargo of heat, put up in hermetically-sealed cans of quart size, to trade to the Esquimoseses, but on the way the heat spoiled in some manner, although I was assured by Stubbens, the man who suggested the trip, that heat put up that way he'd warrant to keep in any climate, but it spoiled on account of the cold weather which we encountered, I suppose; at least, I have always thought so.

I next took a load of windmills to Lapland, but I found that they had nearly as much wind there as they cared about just then, so they told me to drop around some other time, and they

to the natives for molasses. Yes, that tar lubricated my wheel of Fortune greatly, and I came home happy as a Tartar, and I invested

in Ashantee, I took a large lot there, but they said they didn't have any spectacles to read them with, and made me make tracks out of the country; this considerably de-tract-ed from my fortune; which I afterward made up by taking an invoice of hoopskirts to Kamschatka to protect the natives from the cold.

"yarbs and roots," and see how you relish them!

I found their boots were still at the shoemaker's, and I had to dispose of the whole lot at auction I wonder how long this missive will make by giving them away, and they afterward you keep silent, and not "speak out in meet-in'?" I'll wager a pin the public will hear other tribe, which they completely annihilated. However, I got a load of apes to bring

> You see the fortunes of traffic are very traffickle, and you are not always certain until it is too late, as the boy said when he inhaled a hen's egg that had got too ripe.

> > WASHINGTON WHITEHORN

Topics of the Time.

-Rex, King of the Carnival, announces by Rex. King of the Carnival, amnounces by royal edict that he will visit New Orleans on the 13th day of February, 1877, as has been his custom for many years on each recurring day of Mardi Gras.

Tore you can hope to write acceptamy.

WILL M. Don't suppose that all girls are flirts for that is not true. You have attraction enough at home not to take to heart what other girls may do. Make much of your sister.

—Colorado, the youngest of the States, contains more than double the number of square miles in New York; and Texas is more than twice as large as Colorado. The figures are: New York, 47,000 square miles; Colorado, 105,-000; Texas 247,000.

—The Cherokees have over eighty common schools. The Chickasaws have four public and about ten district schools. The Choctaws have two public schools and over fifty district schools. The Creeks have three public schools and about

The Creeks have three public schools and about thirty district schools.

—In the coal shale at Wezikon, Switzerland, a series of pointed fir poles, covered with wickerwork, have been found. They are supposed to be the most ancient evidences yet known of the existence of man, and belonging to the period intervening between the two glacial epochs.

—It is stated that Mexico was never in such a lawless condition as now. There is no safety for persons or life or property beyond the Rio Grande. Might gives right, and the master of to-day is the flying guerrilla of to-morrow, and levies tribute upon every defenseless traveler.

—About 1,200 Icelanders have immigrated into Manitoba and settled on Lake Winnipeg at a place which they call Gimli. The Colonial Government has given them land and helped them to get over. They are very unlucky, however, this winter, numbers of them, especially children, having died of smallpox.

—The late M. Ste. Claire Deville was one day discussing the question of the advance of knowledge with a famous anatomist. "After all," he said, "you have made great advances; but don't you think that you are very much like the hackman, who knows all the streets, but hasn't the remotest idea of what is going on in the houses?"

—Huron, the new Territory to be carved out of that portion of Dakota which lies north of the forty-sixth parallel of latitude, has an area of 79,030 square miles, with quite 2,000 miles of navigable water. It is timberless, save on the Cheyenne and Red rivers, but is said to be a fine country for stock raising and wheat growing. Its population is about 12,000.

-The Gold Hill News (Nev.) boasts that there — The Gold Hill News (Nev.) boasts that there are on the Comstock lode more saloons in proportion to the population than in any other place on the continent. Every month there is a prize-fight and every Sunday there is a town-show, a horse-race, a fight between a bull-dog and a wild-cat, a cock-fight, or something else that is entertaining. Faro, keno, chuck-a-luck or roulette can be found in every other saloon.

—Steps have been taken to acclimatize the Florida cedar in Bavaria. The superiority of the wood of this tree over all other kinds of cedar is well known, and the demand for the species in Bavaria, where immense quantities of lead-pencils are made, has induced manufacturers to venture on the experiment. Seeds have been sown in the royal forest, and about 5,000 young plants are now thriving in one batch.

-English manufacturers look with little cordiality on the Freuch Exhibition of 1878. The London papers say "the world is tired of exhi-bitions." The fact is they dread another com-

blow to British industries.

—Along the entire range of the Rocky Mountains, from Montana to New Mexico, among all their foothills, gorges, canyons, valleys and the beds of their rivulets and among the fastnesses of the Sierras of Arizona are thousands of experienced, eager and persevering men hunting for "treasure signs." In the Black Hills, in Chiffynia in Colorado Montana No. Utah, in California, in Colorado, Montana, Nevada, Mexico, New Mexico, Wyoming, Australia and Chili there are myriads of keen-eyed, sharp-witted "prospectors" hunting, hunting, ever hunting for gold or silver.

—The State of Maine, which produces one-third of the ships built in the United States, re-ports a marked decline in that business. In 1855 the total tonnage amounted to 215,904 tons, which was the highest amount ever reached. In 1874 the amount was 122,548 tons, and since then the two years have witnessed a great falling off. In 1875 the tonnage was only 75,060 tons, and during the past year the decline has reached 73,573 tons. While some of the shipbuilding districts are making no preparations for work in 1877, it is believed that in the whole State the business will somewhat exceed that of the year

—The emancipation of Brazilian slaves is progressing in a slow but continuous manner according to recent statistics. In the Province of Goyaz the 8,903 slaves registered in 1872 had on the 31st of December, 1875, become reduced to 7,888 by 357 deaths, 222 liberations, and 436 reversels. At the same data there axisted 921 movals. At the same date there existed 921 freeborn children of slaves. In the Province of Pernambuco, during the same four years the 106,201 slaves diminished 3,386 by deaths and 1,049 by emancipations. From Sept. 28, 1871, to the end of December last the number of children of clarge beauty from when the large of 1871. me to drop around some other time, and they would trade me a few little Aurora Borealises for some. I failed to raise the wind to any great extent by that speculation, so I came home, speculating on my loss.

I made a nice thing when I took a cargo of tar to Patagonia, which I sweetened, and sold to the natives for molasses. Yes that tar lustration of the end of December last the number of children of slaves born free under the law of 1871. In the Province of San Paulo there died, from April, 1872, to the end of December last the number of children of slaves born free under the law of 1871. In the Province of San Paulo there died, from April, 1872, to the end of December last the number of children of slaves born free under the law of 1871. In the Province of San Paulo there died, from April, 1872, to the end of 1875, of the 147,746 slaves born free under the law of 1871.

—The favorite plan adopted by lion-hunters in Algiers for luring their prey is to select a fa-vorable plot of level ground below a commandcame home happy as a Tartar, and I invested my money in an insurance company which, it seems, was not insured itself, and I went to Cuba, and lectured on the necessity of keeping warm to preserve the health, and cautioned them not to venture out in the snow without overshoes on their feet, and to be well bundled-up in furs and overcoats, and not venture too close to holes in the ice when they went out to skate. I promised to come the next winter with a cargo of sleighs, which I would offer cheap, but from some cause or other I did not go.

Thinking there was a good market for tracts in Ashantee, I took a large lot there, but they said they didn't have any spectacles to read pace, and when within a few feet of his victim he crouches down to gloat over the prospective meal. He advances, and with a stroke of his paw nearly dispatches the kid. Almost dead, it attempts to crawl away. Then the lion's feline instincts are apparent. He plays with the dying kid as a cat does with a half-dead mouse. While he is thus engaged the hunters take steady aim at a point near one of the fore shoulders or behind his ear. He sends up a terrific yell, and not help myself, but you must promise that you will bear the advice of "physician, heal thyself," in mind ere you set about doctoring the individual to protect the natives from the Cotal.

Perhaps the most disastrous business failure which I ever made was when I was induced by the help of the fore shoulders or behind his ear. He sends up a terrific yell, and rolls over, dead.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Jennie's Yea and Nay;" "Jack's Mother's Story;" "The Traveled Mendicant;" "A Memory Olden;" "A Petition" (In Winter); "Two Valentine Days;" "Number 117;" "A Memory;" "The Story of the Ring;" "Keeping Lent;" "A Wish Come True."

wish Come True."

Declined: "The Mistake She Made;" "The Mysperious Hut;" "About Cats;" "Flush Times in Big
Bend;" "The Chicken Heart;" "A Moose in the
Corral;" "Leavis, the Renegade;" "Loping Abe;"
"The Country Dance Tragedy;" "Shady Side."

PRETTYMAN. You cannot hold property in your wn right until of age.

U. R. S. Oll Coomes is the author's real name. He writes exclusively for this paper.

BEST GAN JAN. See answer to "Lasun." The spring styles will be announced in March. Rose J. Have answered by postal. Paper re-erred to was discontinued some time ago.

Lizzie D. Do not send your photograph to any stranger. It is really an impertinent request.

L. K. Dime Pocket Novel No. 39 is the novel you refer to. It is supplied by Beadle and Adams.

P. J. O'N. Your MSS. are, as you say, very crude. You must stick to books for some time before you can hope to write acceptably.

WILL M. Don't suppose that all side are directed.

Constant Reader. A dark complexion is the result of temperament. There is no "cure" for it. If the skin is naturally light-colored, and is made dark by disease or sun-exposure, it will, sooner or later, become clear again.

Nora Kent. Always treat your lover with special consideration, but, unless he has really and seriously "declared "himself to you, and you have accepted him, he must not make exclusive claims to your company. You must be firm about your rights in such a case.

ED. B. M. Ingrowing nails must be drawn up from the corners by growth. To secure this never cut the nail on the corners growing down in the flesh, but cut out the center of the nail down to the "quick." In growing to close this cut the nail will lift or be drawn from its growth down in the flesh.

HARRY A. Never be ashamed to do your mother all honor. Most young ladies hold in high estimation a gentleman who is uniformly affectionate and gallant to his mother. So long as you are "too young to marry and settle down," always give mother the first choice of your chaperonage to pleasant entertainments.

ESTELLE. For olly skin use borax in the bathing water, or a little ammonia.—You and your friend A. can dance the dance together—with your brother for audience. Such dancing gives grace of movement, and suppleness to the limbs—which American ladies too often lack.—Three dimples, we suppose, imply unusual power to please.

Hap. If your friend continues to dun persons for bills on postal cards, he will be likely to get himself into trouble, as there is a law forbidding such use of the cards.—Your chapped lips may be cured, provided the cause is the weather, and not any osculatory practices, by application of mixed rosewater and glycerine—equal parts.

Tom And Jerry. If we understand your question rightly, we should say the gentleman could not do otherwise than invite the lady stranger, seeing that the lady he was to escort could not go out and leave her visitor at home. That would have been a grave discourtesy, and rather than not disappoint the gentleman, she took no unwarrantable liberty in preferring her request.

DUTCHESS. Calomel is chloride of mercury—is prepared by rubbing the mercury with corrosive sublimate. It is a severe purgative, and is now only used rarely by the best physicians.—There is a pearl powder, used by jewelers for cleaning pearls. It is inexpensive. Let a jeweler do the work.—In the case mentioned we say the gentleman takes an unwarrantable liberty, especially if the young lady shows a decided disinclination to his kiss.

T. J. F. Not having seen the account, cannot say as to its credibility; but of one thing be assured—no body once dead can be resuscitated. If life is merely in suspension it may be reawakened by electric shock or magnetic current.—"Aphonism" is a misnomer for a figure of speech. We do not recall the passage quoted, nor do we know of any Ohio orator named Cri tenden. Probably it was the celebrated John J. Crittenden, the Kentucky U. S. Senator. U. S. Senator.

LITTLETON. The Union League Club is an old organization, embracing many of the leading men of New York city—all Unionists in sentiment. It was once political, but now is rather social and local than political.—Mr. Bennett is worth the New York Heraud, and its fine building, and other almost equally valuable property. What he is worth we do not know. It is stated that his income is about \$500,000 per year—more than half of which is from the Herald.

RALPH G. V. Never write a note or letter, even a business one, with lead pencil. We have spoken before of its rudeness. If a person is worth addressing, let it be in a proper manner. Neither should business paper and envelopes ever be used for private correspondence. There is a demand always for pure white paper and envelopes of the best French or Irish linen brand. Monograms are little used at present. Initials in colors are still retained by a few, and are beautifully done at the fashionable stationers'.

Isaac E. N. The fall planting of potatoes accomplishes nothing. Early spring planting is surer of a good result.—A "seedling" is understood to be a plant produced from seed which does not reproduce tas kind true from the seed, and which comes from a species of plants that are usually grown from cutings, grafts, buds, or runners—as, for instance, potatoes, grapevines, roses, or strawberries, etc. But corn is always grown from seed, and every clant grown is a seedling. A new variety of corn can only be produced by cross fertilization, or by sporting, which only occurs rarely.

sporting, which only occurs rarely.

Nannie Lasun. If your hair is abundant do not use a "braid." The styles now "just the thing" are—for the house and street the hair is parted across the back, falling rather low in the neck. A large piece of hair is taken on the top of the head, and firmly fastened, to serve as the foundation of the cofflure. The front hair is divided into small locks arranged in puffs and fastened to the piece on the top. Crimps are placed over this and partly covered with a large braid, which is taken around to the back of the head; then the back hair is taken up and mixed with this braid. The hair can be dressed in the same way, with the addition of a long catogan braid falling on the back of the neck.—Thank you for your flattering commendations.

Miss N, G, writes: "Recently I had some invita-

Miss N. G. writes: "Recently I had some invitations to a reception sent me, and just preceding the number of the house was made a little sign composed of two close parallel perpendicular lines crossed by two horizontal ones. I could not understand what they meant; and shortly after a lady friend, who had received cards to the same entertainment, showed me the envelope addressed to her with the same sign upon it. Will you tell us what is meant by the sign, and if it is customary to use it, now, upon letters and invitations?" The sign to which you refer is used by business men to signify "number" when making out bills of merchandise. It seems to have obtained somewhat among letter-writers to signify No, just before the house address. Instead of writing "No. 89 Elm St.," they make the sign and add "89 Elm St.," But as it is a business character, it is really incorrect to use it upon letters and invitations. Do not copy a fashion which should be corrected. Miss N. G. writes: "Recently I had some invita-

HENRY KING, Boston, writes: "I would like your

Henry King, Boston, writes: "I would like your advice upon an important subject. A gentleman, whom all of our family have held in the highest regard, was a frequent visitor at our house and a dear friend of my sister. Our family surmised that in time they would become engaged and marry, but we did not mention the subject, as my sister always objected to joking of that kind. Only a few days ago she received a letter from him, telling her of his approaching marriage. He has been away for a few weeks, and been corresponding with her. She has not expressed any surprise at his communication, but we can see that it is giving her great pain. I would like to know if, as her brother, I have not a right to demand an explanation from the gentleman. I am sure that he has not acted fairly toward my sister, and that she loves him. What can I do?" From the circumstances you have mentioned, we do not see that you are justified in seeking an explanation from the gentleman. Your sister may love him, yet she may not have the slightest ground for expecting him to marry her. Such cases do occur. As long as your sister herself does not mention, or cannot prove, the existence of any engagement between herself and the gentleman, you have no authority, or excuse, by which you may take the gentleman to task for marrying the lady of his choice. The probabilities are that he and your sister have only been, as was understood between themselves, good friends; therefore the gentleman, in a frank, fearless, friendly manner, informed her of his engagement, as soon as it took place.

place.
Unanswered questions on hand will appear

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY HARRIETTE MABEL SPALDING

A picture wafted from the skies, Framed in fair curls and azure ey Smiles back at me in sweet surpr For Memory lends you golden wings, A brighter, happier clime she sings, Than that which my existence brings.

Twas here in childhood's hours we played, And here we lingered 'neath the shade That spreading elms and maples made. Though summer scenes no longer wear Their glorious brightness everywhere, Yet love renews them, sweet and fair.

I walk out 'neath the purple sky Across whose face the shadows. Then lay the past in silence by.

Great Captains.

DRAKE,

The Knighted Buccaneer.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Among bold seamen, enterprising adventurers and captains who "fought for the glory of the realm," Francis Drake holds a conspicuous place. And though his career was that of a sea freebooter, cruising on perilous voyages for plunder and gain, he did his country such eminent service against Spain that Englishmen still admire the admiral while they condemn many of the acts that gave him his fame.

Francis Drake, born in 1546, at Tavistock, Devonshire, was the eldest of twelve sons of a poor, though not obscure, yeoman. All the education he obtained was by the aid of his distant relative and godfather, John Hawkins solved upon—to do as Magellan had done— -afterward Admiral Sir John-but this was suddenly cut short by the father's forced flight into Kent, where his sturdy Protestant religisentiments were more in favor than in Catholic Devonshire. "God dividing the honor betwixt two counties, that one might have his birth and the other his education," said the old chronicler, Fuller. But, very little of books he knew, and when Protestant Elizabeth succeeded Catholic Mary, the father was made rector of Upnor church on the Medway, just below Chatham, where the "royal fleet" what there was of it—usually anchored. This threw the rector's boys much in the company of sailors, and encouraged the natural bent of Francis' taste for the sea. And the father, we are told, "by reason of his poverty, apprenticed him to a neighbor, the master of a bark, who carried on a coasting trade and sometimes made voyages to Zeeland and France."

Thus launched on his career at a tender age the boy developed into a strong man. He remained on this bark even after his apprenticeship of five years had expired, and when his master died, having no heirs, he willed the vessel to Francis, who continued coasting and ment. And, although, on his arrival, Drake trading until he had accumulated considerable money. Then the fame of John Hawkins' exploits, in the New World, fired the trader with a new ambition—to go cruising down on the Spanish settlements in America; so, selling out his little coaster, he went to Plymouth and en-listed not only himself, in Hawkins' service, but also adventured all his means in that expedition of maraud and spoilation upon the "Spanish Main"—the coast of North and South America, from Florida to Orinoco, (1567.) The expedition was most unfortunate. What with damage by storm and by Spanish guns at Vera Cruz, and a desertion by Drake, with tendants, partook of a banquet on the little his vessel, Hawkins' disasters were complete.
By his excellent seamanship Drake brought his little vessel of 50 tons burthen safely back to Plymouth, and, though he had lost all his means by the adventure, he had acquired an inveterate hate of the Spanish that led him to the navigators.

Drake, the privateersman and freebooter, but Sir Francis Drake, the greatest of English navigators. not unprofitable vow to prey on Spanish commerce and the exposed estates in the West India islands. To this decision he was helped by the fleet chaplain, who comforted Drake with the delights of court and society life; but the rance that he had a right to make a levy on the King of Spain to repair losses. fresh virulence, he went to sea again, in 1585 So the only too-willing mariner was joined by and 1586, and by his operations at the Cape others of as easy conscience as himself, and several voyages were made to the West Indies, by which he greatly enriched himself and his on the coasts of Spain and Portugal; he haunt-'He got some store of money, said Camden, "by playing the seaman and pirate.

To save a pirate's fate, and vet continue his buccaneering career, he obtained from the war office a privateer's commission, (1570), and was so successful in his forays in the West Indies that he sailed, in 1572, with two vessels—one of 70 and one of 25 tons—and seventythree men and boys, for the Spanish Main. Off the coast of South America he was joined by a third vessel and thirty-eight men. With uch a force the daring privateersman actually took and sacked the town of Nombre de Dios; penetrated far enough inland to see the Pacific Ocean, scourged the shipping in the great exchange mart of Porto Bello, overhauled Spanish traders, and, after a year of adventures and exploits, (that afford a singular comment on the rapacity and fierce hatreds of both English and Spaniards,) safely returned to Plymouth, his vessels literally stuffed with trea-

sure and spoils. On his arrival, August 9th, 1573, it being Sunday, the congregation all left the church to give him welcome, and the wildest joy prevailed through all the country. Even people from London came down to see the Sea Rover

Having disposed of his rich cargoes he spent his money in a princely way, and in his devo-tion to the royal cause, out of the abundance of his riches he equipped three vessels-of-war, with which to aid the old Earl of Essex in subduing the rebellious Irish. This service, on his return to England, after the old Earl's death, so accredited him to royal favor that he was introduced to the Queen

In this, his first conference, it is stated, Drake disclosed to the Queen a scheme for a descent on the Spanish towns in the "South Sea," by the bold sailor's proposition was an expedition of five vessels—the largest of 100 and the of gentlemen and sailors of 164 persons. These gentlemen were young men of noble birth, who, led by the spirit of adventure, and the desire for gain, were eager to enlist under the leadership of so enterprising a captain as Drake-sailing as he did not only with Elizabeth's sanction, but with her aid. Indeed, some authorities assume that she was a "partin the adventure—which was one for plunder. The "Virgin Queen," with all her with another section, ran out to meet the arfollies and extravagances, had an eye to profit mada, which consisted of 150 vessels, and galin her schemes, public and private.

The miniature fleet—absurdly little in force and size of vessels, as compared with modern force was to be reinforced at Dunkirk by sea operations—sailed Nov. 13th, 1577. reached the Spanish Main, and running down from Porto Bello along the South American the first day out, and Howard, Drake, Hawcoast, committed almost ceaseless acts of pil-

bution, and an immense amount of treasure secured that could be stored in small compass. The buccaneers, for such they really were, ran down to Port Julian, in Patagonia, where a gibbet was found standing—"sure evidence," says one historian, "that a Christian people had been there before them," For what reason is not explained, but certain it is that there Drake executed Martin Doughtie, one of the gentlemen of the expedition, and then sailed on to pass to the "South Sea," through the Straits of Magellan.

He entered the straits, late in August, 1578. ing the third European who had ventured through that dangerous channel. It was not, however, until Nov. 6th, that he succeeded in working the passage. Then a furious storm sent the little vessel to the south, and in his fight with the elements he was driven around among the islands of the archipelago of Terra del Fuego, and was the first mariner to sight the Cape of Good Hope.

Making his way northward, to the rendez-vous agreed on—the island of Mocha, south of Chili—he thence sailed on up the coast of Chili and Peru, plundering as he went town after town, rifling the unprotected shipping, and ended by seizing a royal galleon, bound for Panama, heavily loaded with treasure for Panama, heavily loaded with treasure for Spain. This seizure quite filled up his vessels; so he headed for the north, carefully exploring and expectas he ran along the coast, hoping and expect-ing to discover the long-looked-for passage through the continent, from the Pacific, or "South Sea," to the Atlantic. He ran up to the wintry latitude of 48° north, but no pas-sage appearing, and his crews becoming greatly distressed with the cold, and dissatisfied, he returned southward to San Francisco bay, where he tarried five weeks in its genial clime, sail for the East Indies. This he did, leaving Port San Francisco, (which he called New Albion, and "took possession of" in the name of Queen Elizabeth), Sept. 29th, 1579. Directing his course to the Molucca Islands, he anchored in Ternate, Nov. 4th—was nearly lost off Celebes-stopped at Java-thence steered across the Indian Ocean for the Cape of Good Hope, passed it in safety, and reached Plymouth, Nov. 3d, 1580, after an absence of nearly three years.

Drake's reception was gracious enough to have flattered the pride of any man. He was the hero of the day. All classes vied in doing honor to the man who had so humbled their common and detested enemy, the Spaniard; who had sailed, amid great perils, in unknown seas; who had added "New Albion" to England's domain, and, by circumnavigating the globe, had asserted England's right to navigate in the "South Sea." But, more than all, the navigator was distinguished for the enormous treasure which he brought home. That, was confronted with serious claims from mer-chants and traders whom he had robbed, and the ministry was compelled to take from his chest enough to cover these just demands, there yet remained sufficient to enrich him and his companions, down to the humblest sailor.

The Queen both gave Drake a court recep tion and honored him and his ship in a nove The vessel was run up a little creek, near Deptford, there to be preserved "as a monument of the most memorable voyage that the English had yet performed;" then Eliza-

chronic old war with Spain breaking out with de Verde islands and in the West Indies turbed the Spaniards anew." He raided down ed the Canaries; he dropped down on Carthagena and other towns on the South American coast, until Philip II. began to regard him with fear. On his return from the descent or the Spanish Main Drake called at Raleigh's Roanoke settlement and took home with him the disconsolate and frightened settlers of the "first English settlement in America." And it was these men and Drake's ships that bore to England the first tobacco introduced to Eu

Philip, resolved to retaliate "in kind" upon England, made enormous preparations for a descent on the English coast, with the design of destroying and laying waste all the country bordering the two Channels. To cripple this 'armada" Elizabeth made Drake commander of a fleet of thirty sail—four naval vessels and the residue supplied by "merchant adventurers," with two of her own yachts. With this fleet, in 1587, he ran down upon Cadiz, and, passing direct into the harbor under the guns of its forts, April 19th, burnt, sunk or captured thirty ships—as many prizes as crews could handle. The prizes were sent to English ports, while he continued to ravage the coast on up to Cape St. Vincent-destroy ing or seizing shipping to the number of over one hundred sail and plundering and burning four castles. This he called "singeing the King of Spain's beard." Not content with this, he put into the Tagus, up which Spanish admiral, the Marquis Santa Cruz, lay with a powerful force of galleys. Drake challenged the Spaniard to come down and "exchange bullets with him "-an invitation the admiral declined. The marquis died soon af ter—chagrin and mortification over Drake's work having much to do with his illness.

This disastrous blow delayed the great armada a whole year, and Drake then headed passing the Straits of Magellan. The result of for the Azores to catch the treasure ships from India. He was so fortunate as to fall in with and capture a richly-laden "carrock" of great smallest of 15 tons burthen—with a united force size—a magnificent prize, that made his volunteer merchant ships very happy over their

> With his share of the prize he brought good water into the town of Plymouth—a gift for

> which the people were deeply grateful.
>
> In 1588 occurred the descent of the "Invincible Armada." Drake, as vice-admiral under Lord Howard, high-admiral, with one section of the English fleet, and old Sir John Hawkins leons of great size, carrying 2650 guns, 8000 sailors and 20,000 soldiers. This tremendous

It 34,000 troops. A heavy gale separated the Spanish ships, kins and old Martin Frobisher dogged Port after port was "visited;" shipping | Spaniards until, off the Netherlands, a conflict was destroyed, towns were laid under contri- was brought on, in which their enemy was

through the English Channel was blocked by the English ships, so the Spanish fleet—or what was left of it—had to run around the British isles, by the Orkneys. The English pursued and took prize after prize, and only a remnant of that magnificent and supposed-tobe-invincible armament found its way back to

Drake's conduct, seamanship and tireless pursuit of the enemy were admirable and addd greatly to his fame.

The next year, as admiral and general, Drake went with a fleet and land force to Porugal, to expel the Spaniards and elevate a Portuguese to the throne. The whole scheme was a miserable failure that redounded noth-ing to Drake's credit, but stained his name with acts of cruelty and folly that history will

After this unhappy failure Sir Francis had no service until 1595, when a powerful fleet under Hawkins and Drake, with a strong force of troops under two other commanders, was sent to strike a heavy blow at the West Indies; but the commanders disagreed and the fleet separated. Hawkins died—his death due to excitement and trouble; Drake was defeated in a desperate attack on Puerto Rico; he then ran over to the Main and destroyed several towns. Remaining at Nombre de Dios while the land force marched across the Isthmus to destroy Panama, the "Isthmus fever" broke out in his crews, and Drake was one of its many victims—dying Dec. 27th, 1595. The fleet was then at Puerto Bello, and in the waters of its bay his body was given a sailor's

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MAN'S CRUEL LESSON. It was a brilliant, sunny morning, clear and

She looked around, and then up at Arch Arran. They were in front of a rough board shanty of one room and an outside shed, on the apex of a gentle eminence, the central point of a waste, jagged with bleached stumps, which stretched from horizon to horizon, with but one break to relieve its dreadful monotony—a deserted quarry, half-filled with yellow water, close at hand.

Josie, gazing at Arch, met a look that struck her dumb

"Well, how do you like our home?" drawled he, dragging her to him with his heavy hands gripping her shoulders, so as to bring her right der his diabolically-laughing eyes

"Arch-Arran!" was all she could gasp,

her lovely roses paling.
"Yes, my darlin', devoted, saintly bride, this is the palatial abode where our blissful union is to take place, and where you are to pass the balance of your innocent an' self-sac-rificin' days. A tolerable sumptuous cage for to put my love-bird in, now ain't it? An' won't you queen it here, though! I'll bet you'll be the belle of the whole city. There won't be a petticoat fit to hold a candle to you, for beauty, goodness, fine toggeries an' an admirin, adorin' husband. Not to speak of the men that'll be cuttin' each other's throats for a smile from

Josie scarcely listened to these mockeries She was glancing away from his jeering eyes to the miserable cabin and its hideous surroundings, and back again to his jeering eyes and she was learning such amazing facts that she was stunned. She felt cold and sick, and

very, very much frightened. How—far—are—we—" quivered she.

He interrupted her, derisively: "From the wicked hole you've escaped from, to revel in this paradise?" suggested he; lay your heart at rest, my blessed; not one of the fiendish oppressors shall ever trace you here. You are safe as if you was already in heaven, where of course we know none of them will ever get, except maybe Ned, who is trainin' for a fust-class A. 1. cherub, I b'lieve We're forty miles from the Death Gulch, Little Joe, in the heart of the Terrovale Barren where nobody's ever set foot since I dropped this here bu'sted lead seven years ago, leavin' nothin' behind me but them boards, an' my curse on it for the lonesomest, fever-an'-agu st, discouragin'est devil's-trap on this yearth. In thet there hole I sunk two years an' ten thousand dollars. Thar's the graves of my pardners, two es genooine boys es ever died o hard work an' no hope. Yes, I hate the blasted place so thorough thet I knew it was the last place on the crust I would be likely for to keep runnin' over to, and thet's why I fetched you here, my lady, where I wouldn't be the least likely to weary you with my devotions. Ha! ha! ha! Anne an' you are about quits now, ain't you, my dear?" And he laughed long and uproariously, pointing his insulting finger right into her tingling face, stamping about and actually wiping the tears of mirth from his eyes. Josie, a very coward in the face of trouble, privation or danger, cowered away from this scathing explanation, and sat down on the mossy stone which had served for a door-step. Here she put her pretty little brown, soft and lazy hands to her face, and began to cry in the very depths of chicken-hearted cowardice. Arch, having expended his mirth at her expense, turned off to his mare and busied himself attending to her wants with punctilious care.

"Fall to, lass, use your teeth with dispatch," he conjured her, as he laid before her, in the shelter of the shed, a feed of chopped and condensed hay, procured from his valise; "you ve got a long trot before you yet, Di; see that you don't waste your time.

Hearing these sadly-suggestive words, Josie burst into a perfect volley of angry and terrified screams, supplicating invisible Humanity to come and protect her, daring Providence to so far forget its duty as to let her be abandoned in the desert, and furiously reminding her absent mother how infamously she was allow ing this brute, monster, murderer to assassing ate her, the precious, the peerless Josie Ker-

Having attended to the wants of "the queen," Arch strolled back, unceremoniously took her by the arm, set her aside and entered the house. She tore herself out of his grasp as if from the coil of a snake, and stood off blaz-

"How dare you act like this to ME?" she shrilly vituperated; "if you touch me again I'll tear you with my nails, I will!"

'Don't be afeared, Miss; I ain't a-goin' to touch you again," sneered Arch.

"Take me right back, take me back, I say," she screamed, clenching her hands and stamp-

worsted and compelled to run. But the way ing her dainty foot on the grass, and inflaming her fair countenance with hate and fury a vivacious spectacle at which the young man gazed in no slight curiosity, never before hav-ing enjoyed the sight of a woman mastered by

> "Lord! what I've escaped!" said he at last, in a pause of her transport; "a pretty big devil may live quite comfortably in a very small corporation, I see. Well, you're a nut. It's jolly lucky for me that I got the inside track of you without burnin' my nose fust. Great king! however you come to be own sister to the like of her—gets me. However, this night's work has played me out with the pair of you and the like of the pair of you, an' thar's an end of that."

He went inside, looking pensively round the rough, undressed wooden walls, the bare rafters and earthen floor, with the rude fireplace and wide-throated chimney of uncut stones. The one window had lost its last scrap of glass and was protected by a couple of boards nailed over the aperture, and the door hung on one rust-eaten hinge, and when opened stuck in the earth and would not close again. There was neither chair, bedstead nor table there, although a heap of battered cooking-pans and pots lay in a corner. Arch came out from his inspection, took Josie quietly by the arm, she trying furiously to drag away, and walked her

"See here now, you bad-hearted young limb," quoth he, as contemptuously as if she had been a disagreeable child, and an ugly one at that, "look well around you. How will you like to be left all by yourself here, with just as much grub as my box thar could hold, after I had put in feed for 'the queen;' left here, forty miles away from home, forty miles from any settlement whatever, right in the very core of the Terrovales, which has, as you may see, been burned so that there's neither nut nor game for to fall back on; no road but that there half-grown one, which is as like to mis-lead you as to lead you, runnin' as it do often right into clean forests, where it's all road alike, an' nothin' to p'int on but a chip knocked out of a tree now an' again, eh? Say, my love, dost like the picture?"

Josie looked wildly at him. He could never

mean to do it? He would never dare to? "Take me back, Arch; don't frighten me any more," said the little lady, gently; "it ain't worth while for to vex me too much."

"Ain't a-goin' to confess how much you like an' admire my arrangements for your happiness?" jibed he. "Never mind; you'll know better how you're suited when you've been here a fortnight or so. If you take my advice you'll stop quietly here till I come or send for you; I don't mean to harm you, girl, only to give you a lesson for once in your life, a lesson that nothin' but solitary confinement an' yourself to depend on, could teach you. There's food there, enough for a midge like you for a month to come; you're safe enough from either man or beast, and I kinder guess by the time I send for you to take you back to your folks, you'll be a better girl." Arch was no longer jeering and jibing ather. His tone had grown grave and earnest and his manner more compassionating; the trembling Josie felt encouraged to plead for his indulgence.

"Only take me back with you, an' I'll be anything you like!" urged she, running to him and kneeling on the turf before him, not unmindful of her bright young beauty, and privately calculating confidently upon its effect.

Arch divined her thought and sneered at it.

"As I don't take no stock in the highfalutins," he said, dryly, "I wouldn't try 'em on. It's playin' it rayther too low on your humble servant, to expect him to knuckle under to you, after all. No use, Miss, I wouldn't hev you at any price for wife, sweetheart or friend, nor yet will I try it on as rescuer of a distressed I want nothin' to do with you any And he strode off to the shed, and sitting on

a shaft of his sulky began to regale himself on ham sandwiches and a bottle of lager. Josie sunk down in a heap just where he had left her, and thought with all her might what she could do to avert the horror that threatened We know however that Josie was as stupid as she was pretty, and as ignorant as she was lazy; so that, think as she liked, she could not perceive one ray of light. A variety of puerile and impracticable schemes occurred to

her, but were each discarded in turn; and meanwhile the "queen" finished her feed; Arch did the same, harnessed up, and the dread-She got up, very pale and subdued, and stood

There was no help for it; she must eat hum-

ble pie.
"Take me home, Arch, and I'll never be

ugly to Anne again," she muttered. He gazed at her with biting contempt.

'Ay, ay, girl, you're ready for to pro anything, ready to crawl in the dirt, if I'll only let you off and make it all tooral-ooral for you, but I hain't gone to all this trouble for nothin' I told you I wasn't likely to ring myself in as your tool; nor yet am I likely to be bribed by namin' of Anne. What's she to me now? No. I've brought you here to give you a lesson you Il mind till the day of your death, an' here you stop till you've larned it. In a fortnight from now I'll send your father for you, an' if you ain't got time to think over your record an' to make up your mind to wipe out some of the blots thet's onto it—well, you'll be even worse-hearted than I take your mother's daugh-

ter for to be. Good-day. Arch sprung to his seat, Josie gazing wildly still after his cold, bitter face; he gathered up the reins and turned the vehicle on the grassy plateau before the door.

Then she awoke to a sense of the positionanother moment and she would be abandoned. She flew with a shriek of fury and fear, and flung herself on the ground in front of "the queen," who recoiled with a snort—glared with bursting eyeballs and crested mane at the unexpected apparition, then swerved violently and dashed down the road, at a speed which soon outstripped the sound of the girl's frantic screams.

CHAPTER XXIII. A WOMAN'S WRATH.

YES. Anne Kercheval's moaning cry had reached the waking ear of her mother, who, running up-stairs, had found her lying under her window half-senseless; and Anne's first gaspedout words had wrung from the horrified wo man the piercing scream which Arch and Josie had heard. Josie had run away! and with her sister's lover! Oh, heartless—shamele -alas God's hand was lying heavily upon them!

And what could be done? Nothing, absolute-The father lav mysteriously stricken down

by an unknown sorrow; the brother was but a boy, and a boy whom no one thought of relying upon; pursuit was impossible, and there were no neighbors to whom to apply.

"It is God's will, mother," said Anne, brave, unselfish Anne, putting her own mortal hurt out of sight to soothe her mother's; "she

knows not what she does, the child, and heah, most men love a pretty face.

"Oh, my poor Anne, my poor Anne!" was all the mother could sob, clinging round the neck of her one comfort.

The two spent the night by the father's bedside, watching his broken slumbers, hearing in pain and dread his whispered self-reproaches; bending their backs to the burden imposed up-on them with the meekness which proved that hardest, cruelest of truths, that the innocent must perforce suffer with the guilty, though must perforce suffer with the guilty, though the guilty should lay down his life to spare them. They did not even wake Ned; after a glance into his room to assure themselves that he was not an accessory to Josie's infamous flight, they left him to sleep in peace, with all the tender care which such sweet women lavish on the personal comfort of their men folks.

At preal fact, however, it had to come to

At breakfast, however, it had to come out, and Ned stared round—eyed from one to the other of the two death-pale faces, down which gentle tears were coursing as they trickled out word for word, and without one bitter expres-sion, the story of Josie's treachery. Somehow these faces cowed Ned more than any rough speech could have done. He uttered not a word, kept to himself Josie's threats in the barn, and slunk away as soon as he could to think over the matter by himself. And, while these almost angels went back to their usual daily routine of work and nursing, this half-fledged imp of evil cudgeled his brains to discover how he could turn Josie's escapade to his own private benefit, and grew hot and excited over the dawning hope that now she was a married woman out in the world, he might get out of his cage too, and by clambering on her shoulders reach up to the noble position of cover how he could turn Josie's escapade to idleness and pleasure which was his life's ambi-

He was missing at dinner-time; quite regardless of the acute anxiety which they must suffer on his account he absented himself without a word of warning; careless that that day of all others when his father was laid on a bed of sickness, and the two women were worn with grief and sleeplessness, his services were required to do the rough chores about the house

and barn which were inevitable. No, what was all that to Ned, now he had a chance to do as he liked, unwatched? Let them cut the wood for themselves; feed the horse, dig the day's potatoes, live or die as they pleased: he had something better to do than to

slave himself for a couple of women!

But he appeared at tea-time, sadly woebegone and crestfallen; and seeing no prepara-tion for the evening meal (for what did the suffering ones care for food with neither husband nor son to share it?) he growled, ill-conditioned young whelp as he was:

"Confound it, ain't there any supper for a fellow, after starvin' all day?" Anne came out of her father's room, very

calm and stern, and forcing Ned to meet her eye, said:

"Why did you desert your post to-day,

Edwin? "Oh, leave me alone. I tell you I'm fam-

ished," said he, as roughly as he dared.
"Where were you?" demanded she, firmly.
"None o' your business," he answered, be-

tween his teeth, anger and mortification rendering him fearless even of her. "Tell me the truth, don't you dare to defy

me!" exclaimed the young girl, with sudden passionate command, for it was striking her with cruel distinctness that had she been always firm with Josie, she would not have been what she was to-day, and that Ned was walking hard in Josie's footsteps in the brutal in-dulgence of his selfish desires.

He cowed before her, and, writhing with shame and gnashing his teeth with spite at being overcome, mumbled out: 'I went to Silver-Lead for to hear the

Anne grew paler, but forced herself to ask, her mother having been attracted to the bedroom door by the voices: "And what was the news?"

"Arran was in his store as usual an' not a soul seemed to know anything about it,'

Mrs Kercheval hurried forward Anne being too startled to utter another word, and 'What did Arch say?"

Ned's sullen face grew blood-red, and he clenched his hands. 'Ah, I see," said Anne, sarcastically, "he kicked you out of his house for your officious-

ness. Well, did you see your sister? It was noticeable that Anne called the wicked Josie his sister, seeming to disclaim any connection with her. It was the first time she had ever put in speech a certain secret feeling of alienation from these two, and the fact of their life-long complicity with each other.

'She wasn't thar at all!" Ned burst out; "I wouldn't have believed him, but I'd asked his old darkey 'Lida before I saw him at all, an' she looked as if she thought I was crazy

"What? Arran has not gone to California, and she is not in his house? Are you sure she isn't?" cried Anne, in bewilderment.
"As sure as fate!" promptly swore the boy;

"I went through every room, and thar wash a sign of her or anything belongin' to her.
'The queen' was in her stable lookin' as if she hadn't been out for a week; an' 'Lida vowed that Arch hadn't left the house at all last night. An', what's more, not a soul in the town had seen 'em out. I guess Anne was dreamin' about it being Arch; it must ha' been ome other chap; she knowed a feller down to Spike's blacksmith's. They used to go drivin' when you sent her out to pick berries, an' then buy her a quart or two an' send her

Mother and daughter eyed each other, their modest faces burning. Josie's fearless course filled them with innocent terror. "What if you've been mistaken all the time in supposing it was Arch?" suggested Mrs. Kercheval, a wistful hope for Anne's

sake springing up in her heart. But Anne knew too well; she shook her head mournfully. 'No chance of that," she sighed, "but if this is true, where can she be?"

"That question I must go and ask him," said the elder lady, sternly, a distressed flush on her thin cheek. "Surely he could not wrong my child." Anne turned away with a spasm of anguish.

Arch had already shown himself base enough to cast her off for preferring her duty to him -was it really impossible for him to enact a

Mrs. Kercheval started at once for Silver-Lead, Ned driving her in the broken-down rattle-trap of a wagon, with a horse that was too old and ill-fed to make the ten miles in less than three hours.

Meanwhile, devoted Anne sat by her father's bed and prayed for his restoration, her mother's comfort, and Josie's penitent return. She asked nothing for herself, except strength to work for them.

It was two o'clock of the morning when she heard the rattle of wheels at the door; she staggered out to meet the worst. Mrs. Ker-

For Josie was not there. By-and-by, amid bursting sobs, the unhappy mother faltered out her story. Arch Arran, taxed with Josie's abduction, had defied Mrs. Kercheval to prove the allegation. He refused to discuss the matter at all with her. He had said that if Anne said she had seen Josie's departure in his company, she ought to prove it. And, finally, he had sworn with bitter violence that he was no more in love with Josie than he was with Ned, and had as little notion of eloping with her. In vain had Mrs. Kercheval entreated, commanded, quoted their bygone friendship; Arch was impenetrable. In this miserable crisis there was but one glimmer of relief. No one suspected the affair, no one dreamed of Josie's absence from her

Anne consoled her mother as well as she could, but when she at last crept to her own room, her very soul rose up in somber fury against Arch, for his wickedness and dissimulation. She believed the worst. And the worst? Look at the maiden, writhing in her vestal purity before the shadow of shame, while her low moan quivers forth chokingly:

Next day Mrs. Kercheval succumbed to her dom; took to her bed, and began to pray for resignation to die. Jonas still lay delirious, babbling of the inevitable past; and Ned even then heartlessly deserted Anne, and left her to fight with the grim alternatives of work or

"Lost Josie! Oh, Arch, Arch, Arch!"

She went out under the wide sky, and looking up, earnestly, said:

"My God, you see all this? Help! help!" She then bent her back to the burden and staggered on patiently. Both parents were now ill of maladies which no medicine could reach—broken hearts. sides, for a long while, their fare had been so meager that their strength was at its lowest ebb even before these blows had fallen upon There was nothing in the house now but a few pounds of rice and some tea, abso lutely nothing else! There was not one cent for Josie had, to their burning shame, robbed her father's poor little money-box of its last coin the night she went; nor had the poor man ever had credit in the town, nor one friend of whom he could have borrowed, were they to perish, except Arch, who was now the last person on earth to ask assistance from. Ker cheval had spoken of mortgaging the farm to a certain land-agent in Silver-Lead, but here he was lying unconscious of the fatal need of the transaction being achieved, and Anne was totally ignorant of even the name of the person. Besides which she was tied to her parents bedsides, and Ned was missing. She boiled some rice as daintily as she could, making it delicately white, and when cooked, quite dry, and the particles separate and floury, and sprinkling a little sugar over it, presented it, with cups of tea, to her invalids, the latter minus the milk, as Ned was not at home to supply, a distance of four miles. The dish was approved of, and Anne retired with a dim When the next meal-time came, sh beat up the rice that was left from dinner into a paste, toasted it in slices on the gridiron, and served it to her parents with an apology for the reappearance of the cereal, explaining it away on the ground of economy; and again they ate and praised her dish. The night passed, and Ned did not return. Anne lay on the sofa drawn into the little passage between the two rooms where they lay, and dozed fit fully, as exhausted nature mercifully granted her oblivion. At dawn she slipped outside and again gazed sadly and earnestly at the heavens where she believed the Author of the Universe to be watching her, with benignant intention. "Our daily bread?" she implored. Nothing answered in the deep, cloudless sky but the waters of the lake, usually so still and lifeless, stirred in concentric rings which the glittered upon. Anne bowed her head in solemn adoration -these rings meant on the shore, and, placing in it the oars, and

Her invalids fared well at breakfast that They had fresh, crisp salmon-trout, and a most delicate kind of bread, of a material which she playfully refused to tell her mother The cakes were made of rice ground to flour between two stones, and baked

Ned's pole and lines, she lightly ran it into the

water, sprung in, and rewed away to the spot where the passing shoal of fish disturbed the

Somewhat after this fashion did Anne keep the life in these helpless beings, for four days. During all that time Ned never made his appearance, and Anne could never escape long enough from her sick to go and ask for help sometimes thanked God for this among all His other mercies to her and her beloved on for Anne Kercheval was not the creature to demand from her Creator, as hers by right comfort and happiness; he rich knightly blood that ran in her veins from that ancient heroine, St. Lewan, burned shamedly in her proud young cheek at the very idea of suing charity (for what else could it be, since she could never repay it?) from the indifferent world. She his suit; you know, too, how little Arch dehad exhausted her ingenuity in the variety of served such a suspicion. Forgive her then if modes in which she had prepared her one commodity; deceiving even her mother for some time, so that she never suspected the grim facts until, noticing Anne's increasing trans parency and hectic excitability, she had crawled from her bed in her momentary absence to look for something strengthening to force on Anne; when she discovered the one paper package of rice, half down, and all the poor girl's pitiful little devices to produce different effects with the one ingredient.

Anne came in anon to find her mother, a white trembling apparition, on her knees on the buttery floor, her hands and streaming

eyes supplicating the heavens She turned flashing on Anne, ready to annihilate her for daring to stay and perish for hunger with such a God-accursed pair as Jona and her; but the yearning love and anguish of she tottered into her arms, passionately thanking God that He had permitted her to know on earth a spirit so divine as blessed Anne Ker cheval's

And after that, they seasoned their inevita-

ble dish with love.

Then Gaylure's anonymous letter came to Jonas, and a new misfortune assailed them. Anne brought the letter to him as he lay in his customary apathy in bed, seemingly wait- rending sob tore her bosom. Then she was ing only for death, and, scarcely expecting he would notice what she said, gave the envelope into his passive hand, telling him what it was. terror he clutched it, sat up at oncetrembling, agitated, and full of urgent anxiety | with your presence, except to bring her back. that she would retire and let him open it by himself; she did so, and ten minutes afterward ed him as it had no right to do under the cirwas startled by the apparition of her father, cumstances. He flung back her look fierily.

cheval almost fell at her feet; Anne caught her dressed in the threadbare old-fashioned garments which were his best, white-faced and glittering-eyed, coming with a firm step into been in the habit of playin' it as low as all that the kichen.

"Oh, my dear!' gasped his wife from her

sofa, unspeakably shocked. Anne supported him to a seat, he striving irritably to shake her off, and insisting on his perfect capability to take care of himself; then she got him a cup of tea and one of her rice who biscuits, and he ate and drank eagerly, as he lie?"

"I am going a journey; a letter summons me. When I come back I may have some-thing strange to tell you. Have we any money for my traveling expenses:

His women glanced at each other eagerly. They thought he had received some offer of employment from some unknown friend, and that he refrained from exciting their hopes by revealing the matter until he had secured it; and the knowledge that there was not one cent in their possession seemed doubly cruel at could bear. She fiercely took up his denial. such a crisis.

"I see, there is none," said he, choking. 'Great God! what an unnatural beast I am! He staggered out from their loving remon strances, and they saw him wandering to and fro in the dismal marsh that surrounded the house, head hanging and hands clenched. He went at last to the barn and looked long at the wretched nag and tumble-down wagon, which were the only pieces of property still convertible into cash; but then he glanced toward the house where his devoted victims were starving, and raising his clenched fist with a pas-sionate gesture, as if he blasphemously de-nounced his Creator, he stole away and wandered as before.

They were on their knees, imploring God for him, when he came to the cottage door and

ooked at them, his features convulsed. "Darlings," he sighed, in a dying voice,

They ran and encircled him with their arms, "Take Dolly and the wagon, do, do, dear-est!" they implored; "don't let this last chance slip from us for want of a few dollars."

He sternly refused. What! was he to forsake them, taking away with him their last penny? No, he should walk—doubtless he would get a lift now and again. They fell at his feet, they plead with eloquent tears and love that he would not kill himself, whom they cherished beyond their own lives, but would listen to reason and leave them to hope for his return, instead of dying of apprehension on Then he affected to be persuaded, and after holding each in his arms solemnand silently, drove away toward Silver-Lead

with the last of their property.

The innocents thanked Heaven for his docility, and meekly sat down to wait develop-ments; but in a few hours their calmness was cruelly disturbed by the arrival of a man from Silver-Lead, who brought on his saddle a package of such provisions as Silver-Lead aforded, and a roll of bank-notes, rolled up in a line from Jonas, saying that he had found a purchaser for Dolly and the wagon, which fact had smoothed away all difficulties, etc., etc.

"Who bought them?" inquired Anne, suspi-

'Arran," said the man. Mother and daughter looked at each other, ach tender face hardening and burning shamed y. The father had not heard a word of Josie's lisgrace, and Arch had taken advantage of his gnorance to insult them with this bribe. They

spoke up simultaneously: 'Please take these things back—we can't ac cept them." Then seeing the amazement of the honest fellow, and recollecting that as yet Silver-Lead was unaware of their disgrace, Mrs. Kercheval added more calmly:

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Macdonald, but there has been a mistake made here through Mr. Kercheval's ignorance of how our accounts stand with Mr. Arran. Mr. Kercheval has been very ill, and of course did not understand. Return the package and money to Mr. Arran with my compliments, and say please that we require nothing from him."

So the tresh meat, and the beautiful potatoes, vegetables and wheat flour, for which their souls longed, were all sent away, and boat which was drawn up under an open shed | they returned to their loathed rice, shuddering, but self-respecting

Six days afterward, the mother was lying white as her pillows by the open window, gazing upward with rapt, expectant eyes, as if she saw already heaven's gates ajar, and Anne was sewing blindly on some house linen which she was musing would never be wanted more, since their last mouthful was eaten, and even the ed out into the lake. rice-bag was empty; when Arch walked into the kitchen and stood, looking from one to the other with a sort of forced scowl, through for her sister. which his dark face quivered.

"I— couldn't stop away longer," he growl"How're ye gettin' along?" Anne rose quickly, her large, famine-bright ened eves flaring.

'Come with me," she said, very lowly, while with her pale hand she beckoned to the cruelly agitated mother to be at peace, for that all would be well; and she swiftly walked out of the cottage and away down the oozy path to the lake, where the boat lay, Arch following her moodily. At the bank she turned on him. You know what Anne suspected of this man, that he had ruined her young, thoughtless sis ter to revenge himself upon her for rejecting she met his first wistful proffer of help fiercely, insultingly!

"What have you done with Josie?" demanded she. Under the clear September sky her pinched and famished face and form stood reealed in all their cruel reality, and Arch looked at her, but half-comprehending the cause, yet struck to the soul with the remorse of one who has consigned the desire of his eyes to the torture in a moment of wounded pride. He could not speak; he just looked at Anne. She towered above him, quivering, pulsating in noble wrath, her black eyes seeming to scorch

"Do you know what you deserve?" she said, in a low, vibrating tone. "My knife thrust into your black, base heart!"

He heard and winced from this; his first asonishment at her appearance was over; he had accounted for it by putting it to the score of her grief on his and Josie's account.

'Josie's all right, Anne; don't you trouble your head about her; she ain't worth it," said ne, gently, forgetting how hard it was for Anne

not to misunderstand him. A hot wave surged crimson over her pure face; it seemed as if her very eyes were suffused with blood, and she covered them in her two fleshless hands while one terrible heart-

erect, facing him like an avenging angel. 'Bring her home, and then go where we

der that you have dared to pollute our home Her scorn, her loathing, shocked and anger-

comes to, that you're so ready to take up an ill report ag'in' me? Guess it would take more

who would shelter his baseness under a stupid

"Are you implying that you did not take

send Jonas to the Terrovale for his daughter, but her contemptuous treatment stung him as he had not foreseen, and made it impossible to abase himself by confession to her. For he loved her, and her scorn was more than he

"Do you say this to me, who watched the elopement from my own window?" she cried. "Is it then possible that the man we have been receiving as an honorable friend, is in reality naught but a lying miscreant? Oh, my heart, and I have-" she checked her admis a laugh of unutterable disdain, and turned her mystery. back upon him.

"Where's your father?" he asked, in a low, hoarse voice, feeling the chasm between them

She turned again, eager to trace any hope of her worthless sister's restoration in his ques-

want him?" she answered. Arch looked his amazement "Six days!" echoed he; "why, that's queer; he gave out to us that he was only off for a day

or two to prospect around for work. Hain't he come back yet?"

Anne, hiding her surprise and distress at her was governed by a young count, Feria's friend her heart ceased to flutter like a father's conflicting explanations of his absence as best she might. .

without him, I reckon. I s'pose it ain't any use askin' what the devil Ned's doin' playin' the Old Nick around the countryside with that gang of roughs while you two women do for notion was slingin' back to me the goods your father paid hard cash for; or what's the matter with your mother; or anything that might be supposed to come interestin' to a fellow that once had his chair by your fireside?" said poor Arch, relenting.
"Not the least use," answered she, icily, re-

coiling from his warming manner, "antil you bring my sister back as your lawfully-married wife, never expect to be treated as even the most distant acquaintance, and after you have restored her to us with an honest name, go away and never come back."

"All right," said he, moving off with the bit-terness of death in his heart, convinced that Anne never had, and never could, love him, and ready to shoot fair, forward Josie for making bad so fatally worse. Anne sprung after him as he moved away, with a wrathful:

"Don't dare to go away without telling me where you've put my sister."

eyes of flame Married?

"Oh, God, hear him! Where is she?

"That's my affair." "You must answer me."

When she comes home she can answer it best herself. 'You must, and now." 'No; you've made up your mind I'm a vil-

lain, it isn't for me to cry you mercy. Think what you please of me, it's nothin' to me."
"Man, I swear that I will not leave you until you have told me the truth!"

"Anne, I haven't desarved them black thoughts from you. Let me go."

"Let me go, I say!

The pair looked in each others' blazing eyes. this pair who had adored each other, and saw nothing but defiance in those sinister depths. She was clasping his arm with her fleshless hands, which still could cling with a vise-like grip; he unloosed the bony fingers, and sprung to his sulky, heedless of her passionate cry

As he drove off, black with shame and fury, she flung herself into the crazy boat and push-

By the short cut across the lake she might yet intercept him, and force from him justice

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

Stories of Chivalry.

WHO RODE THE BLACK HORSE?

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

ONE bewitching Italian night the distinct sound of hoofs on a flinty mountain road attracted the attention of a young girl who stood on the balcony of an old-time castle. There was nothing in the sound of itself to make her curious, for the mountain road was much frequented at night, and she might have turned again to the flowers which she had plucked from the vines that almost hid the balcony, if the figure of a horse had not suddenly burst

The road passed almost directly beneath her and lost itself in a dark defile among the

"The horse gallops like the Black Doge!" she said, leaning from the network of vines and fastening her eyes upon the approaching charger. "If it is he I wonder who sits in the saddle. It is near midnight, and Black Doge comes from toward the castle.

Before she had finished the horse was directly beneath the balcony, and she was regarding the person who sat like a gallant in the sad-

There was no moon, but the brilliant stars enabled the curious maid to distinguish objects in Piedmont on business for the state, nor had with tolerable certainty. The horse was easily recognizable, for in all the country there was not another such steed as the Black

It was not the horse, then, that commanded the attention of Feria Otti, the beautiful occupant of the balcony She knew where the horse belonged-knew

at a glance that his knightly owner was not in the luxurious saddle, and saw that flecks of foam were flying from his mouth.

An almost boyish personage rode the Black The figure was incased in light but serviceable armor. It glittered in the starlight from casque to spur. The visor was raised, but did not afford Feria a view of the face at least not a view that satisfied her. Once at the bottom of which flowed a stream the ac

"It's mighty easy for you to think the worst was then beneath the Italian girl-and she

caught a glimpse of a face white as ashes.

It seemed the pallid face of a frightened boy. These observations did not waste two minutes of time. When Feria drew a fresh breath

What was he, then? A common, mean knave, who would shelter his heavy with the disknown.

"I wonder who rides Black Doge?" she gasped, as if suddenly frightened, and then to the sound of his feet.

There she waited for Black Doge and his rider, counted the minutes while she listened to the sound of his feet. tening to the sound of hoofs becoming indistioned above, and raised her sword.

They ceased altogether at length, and for a my sister away?" demanded she, paling anew under the pang of that supposed meanness.

"I've nothin' to do with your sister; she ain't any of my funeral," he replied, doggedly. He had come to tell them all about it, and to crept I come to the Toward for the blooded steed and his mailed rider. But she was not rewarded, and at last she crept reluctantly from her post, leaving the gathered flowers in a disordered heap on the

> There was mystery to her in the Black Doge's nocturnal gallop, and we warrant that but little sleep visited her eyes till dawn.

The horse came from the east and had passed westward. In other words, he came from and with the broken blade struck Black Doge the direction of Gordazi Castle and had disappeared toward the stables of his master.

Therefore, when Feria Otti saw the Black Doge he was merely galloping homeward. But his rider—who was he? This was the of the road that overlooked the chasm.

Feria saw his rider try to extricate himself;

horse, and that no person save his master, the stirrups, and sure to doom him.

Count Otto De Velpez, was permitted to mount

It happened in the flash of a second Count Otto De Velpez, was permitted to media.

him. Therefore, when one saw the Black Doge was not to be governed by the band of his rider. The pain occasioned by the sword seemed to have crazed him, and he slip-

"He's been gone six days. Why do you count was not the rider!

Then who was? threw a new and thrilling surprise at Feria's

Castle Otti stood midway between two other in shining mail! 'What do you want with him?" repeated Italian castles of prominence and riches. Each

It was a question among retainers and pea- tle Otti. 'Never mind; since he ain't home I kin do santry as to which count would succeed in the tilt for the girl's heart, for no one could say solved.

On the following morning Feria stole along the narrow path that followed the chasm's ext the Black Doge might be seen in the court stream for a distance, and discovered—what? which she loved best. next the Black Doge might be seen in the court

Thus affairs stood when the morning revealed the horrible fact that the castle of the Gor- his noble form, with his arched neck for a pil dazis was countless. The young count Charles low, was the mysterious rider.

His hote total, low, was the mysterious rider.

Feria lifted the head; it was heavy without panneled library, with a stiletto wound in the the broken casque and missing visor-bars. It

The affair was wrapped in mystery.

the library on the previous night; but he thought that his master, the count, was conposessor loved Count Charles, that she feared versing with the warden of the donjon, and

The tidings that spread like wildfire over the vineyard lands of the district made Feria Otti start, and she felt her face grow pale.

Again the Black Doge, spotted with foam and beautiful sister Irene. ridden by a boyish figure, appeared before her eyes. She saw the dark steed gallop home-'She's safe," said he, looking at her with ward—saw herself in the balcony vainly trying to catch a glimpse of his mailed rider's

> mysterious; it looked criminal. Feria believed that the black animal's rider drove the dagger to the young count's heart. She shuddered when she thought of the secret that fluttered imprisoned in her heart.

She seemed to be the sole witness to the Black Doge's absenteeism from his stables upon the fatal night, and the keeping of the secret made The officers of stern Italian law never tried

to work up the case, and detective service in those old days was in its infancy, and the human sleuth-hounds found themselves powerless to probe the mystery of Count Charles' death.

herself, on the night after the awful discovery. She was on the balcony again.

The secret had told upon her. Her face looked haggard, and her eyes did not wear their sual brightness.

All at once, as on the fatal night, the sound of hoofs caused her to start. This time a horse was coming from the west. A moment later she recognized the proud

and stately tread, and saw a steed whose color was night itself emerge from the defile, and gallop, this time slowly, up the road.

The Italian girl held her breath as she leaned over the balcony, and saw the same unmov ed rider in Black Doge's saddle. This time the figure was upright, as if a triumph had been achieved. He rode with the grace of a victor in the tournament.

Slowly, as if to afford a study for Feria, he rode beneath her, and as slowly disappeared toward the east.

"The mystery deepens!" the girl exclaimed, starting from the railing with a determined expression on her pale face. "The hand that guides Black Doge guided the dag-ger to Count Charles' heart. I will avenge him. I care not who rides the black horse man or demon!"

The next minute the little vine-embowered balcony was deserted, and five minutes had not passed before a noble-looking animal almost as dark as Black Doge, was in the moun tain road and upon the track of the mysterious rider.

In the lithe, page-looking occupant of the saddle one would not at first glance have recognized the beautiful Feria Otti. A drooping plume hid the golden hair that she could not onceal beneath her cap, and her white hands were incased in rich gauntle s.

She rode rapidly over the starlit mountain road in the wake of the black horse. Since Count Charles' death she had confessed

that she was at the hour of the crime entertaining a proposal of marriage from him. Whether she would have decided in his favor she had steadily refused to say, which gave Count Otto's friends cause to say that she THE STOLEN CHILD.

At the time of Charles' death Otto was he returned.

The sound of Black Doge's hoofs did not greet Feria's ears until within several miles of he death-invaded castle. She drew rein suddenly and unsheathed the little sword that looked like a toy on her thigh. The black horse was returning

Feria Otti noted this as her eyes flashed at courted sound of hoofs, and she looked at the place wherein she had drawn rein To her right was a solid mass of rock that

rose many feet above her head, dark, grim and sullen. The road was not very wide there; and of it. a few feet ahead it turned abruptly to the right, and seemed to burrow in the mountain. The left side of the road overlooked a chasm, the rider of Black Doge raised his head-he credited abode of gnomes and goblins,

To be sure it was not a desirable place for a rencentre; but it was the darkest spot between the two castles, and the one above all others which Feria, in her present frame of mind, would select for a combat with the unknown

"Halt!"

Feria uttered the command in a stern tone, and saw the gauntleted hand that leaped to a glittering hilt "Who art thou!-tell me!" she cried, and

with the last word ringing from her lips she drove her steed forward and thrust the sword to the throat of Black Doge's rider! The next moment there was the musical ring of true steel, and Feria found her slender

blade snapped in twain by the hand of her an-

a blow across the face. The animal, stung by the pain, for the sword was sharp and cut keenly, reared on his haunches and staggered toward the edge

Every inhabitant of the country knew the but the Florentine boots seemed imprisoned in

tain road. The rider shrieked, the visor fell back, and

A terrible crime which the following morn | Feria caught sight of a face young, girlish and brought to light deepened the mystery and as fair as her own. It was the glimpse afford-brew a new and thrilling surprise at Feria's ed by an instant, for Black Doge went over the cliffs, carrying with him the boyish figure

The girl remained on the tragic spot till Then she turned and rode back to Cas-

It was over; but the mystery was as yet un

On the bank, too green for the trysting-place of goblins, lay Black Doge dead, and beside

was moreover white, deathly, but wondrous No fair. A few strands of raven hair were min-

Feria Otti removed the armor and found It is true that the old butler heard voices in near the heart a rich locket, set in jewels. Bepossessor loved Count Charles, that she feared that he had won her (Feria's) hand, and it was probable that she had guided the dagger to his

But Feria made another discovery as start-The fair dead one was Count Otto's

The mystery was solved; but it was still to remain a secret, though more than Feria were to keep it. Her trusty retainers buried Black ag to catch a glimpse of his mailed rider's ace.

From Castle Gordazi to De Velpez! It was been in the transfer of the property of the propert

There is a grave on the bank of the goblin stream, and the name on its cross answers the question: Who rode the black horse?

HER TREASURES. BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

I keep them in the old, old box At waiting in the lower bay. I thought my heart would break that day

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize;
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay.
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He s never written since.
I used to visit at his home—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee;
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh, no! I sent his letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
But look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill—
Poor Jack! he fell at Chancellorsville. The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps;
These foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they are such handsome men!
We go to France, next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet-ring.
These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me!
Ah! now! have it—Count de Twirl;
He married that fat Cosbie girl.

His hair was red. You need not look
So sadly at this raven tress.
You know the head that lock forsook!
You know—but you could never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled. Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child, Because you like the man yourself; But most, because—don't get so wild! I have not laid him on the shelf—

He's not a bygone. In a year I'll tell you all about him, dear.

Nobody's Boy:

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DOG DETECTIVE. PETE, from his lurking-place, listened intently to the conversation of which he had heard

opening portion. The two men, however, lowered their voices, as if in dread they had been speaking too loud, and for several minutes he failed to catch a

He heard occasional portions of what followed, but was able to make very little sense 'Not safe this side the mountains," was one

partial phrase.
"The Utes will do," followed shortly after. "That arm near well?" asked Denton, in a mocking tone.

"Could fling a fifty-six pounder with it," was the answer

These were the only coherent sentences he could comprehend, out of the whispered con-Denton moved off after a few minutes, as if not caring to be observed in that locality. Pete, too, crept from his hiding-place, and strolled slowly through the camp, much pondering

"Who's the feller in the wagon?" he said to himself; "that's the next question. He's playin' possum, that's sartain. I've treed some mighty black biz'ness, if I ain't, sell me. Bet I keep half an eye on that coon.

"What's broke, Pete?" asked the cheerful voice of Bill Grubb, "You look as melancholy as a two-hour-old kitten. Ain't got sick of emigration, hey; and wishing you was back

'What's a Ute?" was Pete's answer. "A what?" asked Bill. "A Ute Injun, do

"Dunno," said Pete. "'Spect it mought be that. Jist wanted to know. Where does these Injuns keep hou e?" "Far enough west yet. About Brigham's headquarters. Mostly in Utah."

'T'other side the mountings?"

"Sartainly. Nobody ever heerd of a Ute anywhere else. What about them?" "Think I've treed jist the biggest coon you ever seen," was Pete's reply. "Been prospectin' a bit."

'What is it?" asked the scout, curiously "Out with it."

Pete, thus requested, drew his companion out of ear-shot of the others, and proceeded to square. tell him what he had heard.

scout listened attentively, seeming to think Pete's discovery a very important one.
"There's a mouse hid somewhere," he said, reflectively. " Have you seen the chap that's in the wagon?

"No. Reckon I will, though, afore he's much older."

"Keep your eye skinned, Pete. They're on the watch for you, and wouldn't stop long to give you a settler. Got your pistol ready?" Ain't never without it." "Don't let this man see you watching. oalculates he's shut our eyes up, and let him keep thinking so. Wouldn't wonder if it was Colonel Green, himself. Just like his tricks.

Think I'll interview Tom Wilson." of the expedition, Pete continued the conversation with his dog, who was now frisking about his legs, as if anxious for a caress.

"Git out, Nicodemus!" said Pete, with dignity. "Ain't got no time now to waste on You're not bad on coon and rabbit, Nick, but we ain't on that biz'ness now. Trailing Injuns and girl-thieves and that sort of thing ain't your trade. Best make yourself scarce, Nick. Don't want no interfering with my reflections.

Having got off this grandiloquent phrase for him, Pete walked away in a very dignified manner. There was a mystery extant, and Pete felt his importance as chief detective too much to associate with Nicodemus. Dogs might do in the ordinary affairs of life, but matters like this were above the range of their

Pete's walk through the line of moving wagons next brought him in sight of Minnie, who had left her usual perch, inside one of the vehicles, and was walking, with keen enjoyment of the bright September day, over the thinlyclad soil of the plains.

During the days which had passed since her rescue from the Indians, Minnie had shown her gratitude to Pete by seeking his society on evy convenient occasion.

company of her own age in the emigrant train, some more agreeable canine company in but more from her decided sense of gratitude the train. These derelections of duty were to Pete, and from her wish to improve his sharply reproved by Pete, and the dog kept manners, so far as lay in her power. She was close to the mark. still full of the missionary spirit.

ed, and took the utmost care to keep his face amine every person thoroughly, and the day id hands clean, so that he no longer presented the appearance which had once shocked her. She liked the boy, withal, was too young to be much troubled with notions of social

equality, and sought his society from the pure pleasure of it as much as from any other cause "Is it not beautiful here?" she cried to him, as he joined her upon the plain. "The sun is so bright, and the air so very soft and clear. And, just to think of our traveling days and

days without seeing a house or meeting a per-"Met some Injuns, Minnie," he replied. "And didn't like their company much, then." Now, that is too dreadful to jest about. she said, with a shudder. "I can't get over the sight of that dead man. And to think of two of our poor friends being wounded. I would have liked to take care of them, but

they would not let me." Both of them?" "No. I only asked the one. He is in the gray-covered wagon just ahead of us."
"What did he say?" asked Pete, strongly interested.

He growled out that he didn't want no brats of girls fooling around him. You can be sure, Pete, I did not ask him twice.' Has any one had anything to say to you about that Injun biz'ness?'

'Do you mean about my being carried off from the wagon?

'Sartainly, that's what I mean." plied, with a laugh. the train has been asking about it."

'Any of them act queer, or look like the "I could not tell what he did look like," "They have all spoken very she replied.

"If any one that you don't know says anything more to you, I want you to look close at him, and see if you've ever seed him afore,

and tell me what he says."

Why, what for, Pete?" "Oh, nothing! I want to find out who that chap was, that's all. Don't you be gettin' skeered. And be mighty keerful you don't

say a word about this to enybody. Of course I won't," she replied. "I am not a bit afraid, Pete. But I will do what you want, and will keep very quiet. "You won't tell Mr. Denton?"

"I never tell him anything," she answered, quickly. "He is very kind to me, and do shut not know why I should feel different toward yarn." But I never talk to him as freely as I do to you.

Pete felt inclined to give her his opinion of the reason of her involuntary distrust of her cousin. He was shrewd enough, however, to perceive that it was not advisable to arouse cousin. her suspicions. She was too frank in nature to conceal such suspicion from the object of it, He must be secret if he hoped to be successful.

'Do you see that line of dim clouds away off there to the west?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.

'Certainly I do," she replied, following the direction of his hand.

cloud?"

'You're kind of out, then. Them clouds is

the Rocky Mountains." "What!" she cried, in wonder and doubt. "The great Rocky Mountains? That faint,

low cloud?" "Jist so. It's all rock, and hill, and tossin'

"Bill Grubb has been here. I have got his

word for it.' "Are you not tired, Minnie?" asked the voice of her cousin beside them. "You have

been walking these two hours now." 'Oh, no I am not at all tired," she replied. "I think I could walk two days without stopping, through this soft air. Everything is so

beautiful here." "A very tiresome sort of beauty," he replied, in a satirical tone.

Pete walked away and left them talking together. This addition to their society was unwelcome to him.

He strolled, as before, leisurely through the line of wagons. He had not gone far before he met the scout.

"Been talking to Tom Wilson," the latter said, after drawing him out of hearing.

afeared we're on the wrong scent, Pete?"
"Can't see it," was Pete's reply. "Tom says he's known the man in that wagon off and on for years, and that he's on the

"Don't swaller that," said Pete, positively. "If Tom Wilson says so that settles it," replied the scout. "It ain't no road agent that kin shut Tom's eye up. He's sharp as a steel trap. If he says a man's on the square there's going back of it."

'He's knowed him off and on?" asked Pete. "That's what he says." "Maybe the feller was on the square when

he was on, and off the square when he was off. "How do you mean?" "He mought have an honest man's face, and a rascal's face, and only showed Tom Wilson the square face. 've got a notion in my brain-'ve got a notion in my brainbox that the feller ain't no other than Kurnel Green, playin' possum.

"It is not him, Pete. I have just had a While the scout proceeded to seek the guide the expedition, Pete continued the conver"Didn't I hear you say yourself the kurnel had fifty faces? Maybe you ain't seen more than forty-nine of them. The devil that carried off the gal's here. He's inside the wagons or he's outside. I bet he ain't outside.

To render assurance doubly sure. Pete took another round of the men composing the train, entering into conversation with each in suc cession, and using his utmost skill to discover any trace of disguise.

That Colonel Green was somewhere in the train he was sure, and if so he must be in dis-

The boy first whistled Nicodemus to his heels. He could not see what special aid the dog would be, but he had so much confidence in Nick's ability that he thought it best to give him the chance to prove his shrewdness

"'m goin' to have a little round, Nicodemus," he said, "and I want you to use your eyes and ears. If you smell a rat anywheres don't hold back on telling me. You've got brains, dorg, and I want you to show them now. If you don't I'll skin you."

This alarming threat did not seem to have many terrors for Nicodemus. He followed quietly at his master's heels, and gave no evidence of discovering any suspicious characters In fact, he showed a strong inclination on

This was partly from the lack of agreeable several occasions to desert his post, and visit The task that Pete had set himself was not

Moreover, Pete was now respectably dress- to be finished in an hour. He wished to exwas done before he was half throu

The next morning he renewed this scrutiny. Almost the first person he spoke to was a sandy-whiskered, dark-faced man, whom he did not recollect noticing before.

The man appeared little inclined to talk, and answered Pete's remarks very curtly. The boy's keen eyes scrutinized his face closely, but it seemed an entirely strange face to him Their conversation was interrupted by a violent assault of Nicodemus, who had just

come up, upon the stranger. The dog sprung round him, violently barking, and making strong efforts to bite him. Confound the blasted cur, what ails him? cried the man, kicking fiercely at the dog.

"Is it your dog?" he asked Pete "Yes. That's my dorg." "Take him away then, or I'll give you dead dog-meat mighty soon," said the man, in a rage.
"Git out with you, Nicodemus!" cried Pete

"Git out, you rascal! Dunno what ails the dorg." 'Keep him away from me, or I'll spoil his cried the man, as the dog slunk away at Pete's stern command. "It's bad enough to be laid up a week with a bad arm, without be ing set on by dogs as soon as one gets out "You're right there, neighbor," said Pete.
"I'll have to cure the dorg of sich tricks.

Don't like my dorg to show bad manners. He turned and walked carelessly away "You're a hoss, Nicodemus, "Why, of course they have, Pete," she recomment to himself. "The chap's got up to ied, with a laugh. "Nearly everybody in cheat me, but he ain t cheated you. I'll bet a catty the dorg's treed Kurnel Green!"

> CHAPTER XXII. CAUGHT NAPPING AT LAST.

"KEEP your weather eye on Bricktop," said Pete to the scout. "If he ain't the coon that we've got to hole, then send me back to To

ledo. "Don't believe it, Pete," answered the scout "It's so, jist as sure as shootin'," replied etc. "I've been investigatin' him, and so has Nicodemus, and so has the gal. I'll go my left ear on it. Mought shet up my eye, but can't shet up the do g's."

You have learnt something new, Pete?" "Well, if you'd like a little game now, you kin bet on that. I'm a small chap, but I ain't never asleep when there's fun about 'Tom Wilson is not easily humbugged," I the scout. "The fellow must be cute to said the scout.

shut up that critter's eye. Let's hear your Pete forthwith proceeded to detail the result of his investigations, which had been extended over several days from the date of our last

He had watched his man closely, but cautiously, and had noticed several suspicious evidences of a secret understanding with William Denton.

Usually the two men affected to be utter strangers to each other, which made these hidden proofs of an acquaintanceship doubly

Nicodemus, too, had kept up his hostility to

This was the most suspicious circumstance of all to Pete.

"Never knowed that dorg to make a blunder," he said, "and I've knowed him ever the sentinels being overcome with slee since he was a pup. Hadn't his eyes open when him and me fust got acquainted. Comes from a good family, Nicodemus does, and he's not the dorg to bark up the wrong tree."

'I've known dogs to take a set against the

what for," replied the scout.
"Never knowed Nick to do it," said Pete, positively. "He's got too much judgment for that. I had the fotching up of that dorg, and what he don't know ain't worth any dorg knowing. Ever see him stand on his head and wag his tail?

"Then you don't know what's in the dorg, that's all.

"And how about the gal?" asked Bill. "You say she has learnt something."
"This coon's been talkin' to her, sayin' sweet

things, and tryin' to soft-soap her. She thinks he's sich a nice feller. The blasted catamount has got some game in tow, and wants to get on the right side of the gal.' "Did you warn her against him?"

"No, sir-ee! She's jist like a looking-glass He'd see it all in her afore he talked to her ten minutes. want him to keep thinkin' that she don't know nothin', and that you and me don't know nothin'. There's a rat-trap set for nim, and he's bound to git his nose in it afore

Yet the week passed and the rat's nose was still clear of the trap. The caravan was now in the mountain region, toiling up the gradual lope of the pass, with hardly more evidence of a mountain range about them than they had had on the plains.

Bill Grubb had suddenly changed his mind about going to Denver, and come to the con-

clusion to accompany the train to California.

This change of base was highly agreeable to his friend, Tom Wilson, though the latter could not guess its cause. Fete and Bill deemed it best to keep their own counsel, and not be too hasty to spring the rat-trap. Too many n possession of their doubts would be very apt endanger the secret

For days and weeks they toiled on through the mountain region. The wagons were light, and not heavily freighted, with four good animals in each. They made rapid time, there fore, passing numerous heavier trains on the

Yet the distance was so great, and the road so difficult, that it seemed as if the days would stretch into months, and the snows of winter be upon them before they could reach the milder climate of the Pacific slope.

The weather, so far, had kept unusually mild, and our two young friends enjoyed the ourney with that zest which only youth can

Pete and Minnie became almost inseparable companions, wearing away the long days with childish conversation, and growing strong and rugged by long walks in the clear mountain Pete, much as he had learned to enjoy Min-

Grubb upon him. The veteran scout had taken a strong fancy to the boy, and did his utmost to instruct him in the details of border Under this skilled instructor Pete rapidly

improved. He had already not only brought down his buffalo with a rifle-ball, but had in-jured a grizzly bear so badly that the animal fell dead, after a mile's chase of the daring After this exploit Pete became a hero of the

camp, and wore a necklace of the grizzly's claws with as much pride as a mountain Indian wears a similar trophy. Many Indians had been met on the journey.

yet none had shown signs of hostility since

the memorable conflict with the Cheyenne war-Colorado was safely crossed, and the barren soil of northern Utah lay behind them, and yet no further attempt had been made against Minnie Ellis. It seemed as if the villains had given up their schemes, when weeks passed on vithout the least evidence of any hostile plans.

Pete's vigilance was somewhat weakened by this long immunity, and he even began to imagine that he might have wronged Bricktopas he persisted in calling him—by his doubts. Joe Prime, as this man called himself bore every evidence of being a quiet, honest emi-

grant, and if he was disguised, as Pete had magined, the di guise was certainly perfect, extending to his manners and speech as well as to his dress. But Nicodemus was not to be pacified by time. His hostility continued undiminished

though he took good care to keep out of footeach of the man, who had made more than one endeavor to bring his existence to an un-They had now entered the region occupied by the Ute Indians, and Pete's doubts were revived as he saw, every few days of their journey, members of this treacherous tribe.

had not forgotten the words he had heard in the wagon, nor did he fail to notice new of understanding between Bricktop and William Denton. Bill Grubb was as watchful as his young friend, and between them they kept up a surveillance, day and night, of the two suspicious characters. This scrutiny was very cautiously

conducted, yet no movement of either of the to justify suspicion. Whether or not they had become aware of this scrutiny they certainly sho ed no signs of any wrongful intentions against Minnie Ellis, and the lands of the Utes were passed

without the least break in the harmony and safety of the travelers. Utah was passed and Nevada entered. The end of their journey now began to loom up be-fore them, and the spirits of the wearied emigrants were lifted within them into pleasant

expectation. Yet many weary miles still had to be traversed, and the whole rugged width of Nevada

to be crossed. For miles and miles their route lay along the valley of the Humboldt river, the only green pass through a barren desert. Through wild anyons in the mountains they wended their slow way, having occasionally to leave the line of the stream, and seek some more accessible

eleft through the endless rocky ranges. Humboldt canyon was passed in this way, and the train emerged on the western side of the range, at a point known as Gravelly Ford. Here was the only spot of luxuriant verdure which their eyes had looked upon for weeks, and, as was the custom with emigrants, they concluded to halt here for a few days to rest and refit after their weary journey.

But they had not yet left the realm of hos-

teeth, keeping a respectful distance from the ready foot of his foe.

to post sentinels during the night to guard against a possible assault from the savages.

Nearly beside him rode Bill

This duty was delegated to one after another in the train, there being several reliefs made during the night, so as to avoid any danger of the sentinels being overcome with sleep.

"This is your night on, Bill," said Pete, on the sentinels being overcome with sleep.

"This duty was delegated to one after another in the train, there being several reliefs made during the night, so as to avoid any danger of the sentinels being overcome with sleep.

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"This duty was delegated to one after another in the train, there being several reliefs made and eager as himself. The scout had taken almost as great a fancy to Minnie as to Pete, and it was likely to go hard with the kidnapper, should be fall within range of Bill's rifle.

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"This is your night on, Bill," said Pete, on the last night of their projected stay. "Yes, I take the first watch."

"I'll have a good nap then. Keep a sharp eye on Bricktop, and all other dangerous critbest sout of men, without anybody knowing what for," replied the scout.

or of the distribution of the scout "This is not the ground for him, so don't get skeered," said the scout. "He'd be scooped up by the Shoshones afore he went far; and I

guess he's got sense enough to know it."
When Bill's watch was over he was too sleepy and too unsuspicious of danger to obey

Pete's request.

They both slept soundly till morning. The sun was not well up before the camp was astir, and the busy wagoners preparing to renew the journey which had been for a few days interrupted.

Pete took his usual morning stroll through

the camp. As he approached the wagon in which Minnie slept he looked eagerly for her bright face, which usually beamed upon him from the opening curtains of the wagon. This morning she was not visible

"Rouse up, there, Minnie," cried Pete, cheerfully. "The sun's an hour high." No answer came from the wagon, "Come, Minnie," he repeated. "Breakfast

is on the table, and your coffee gettin' cold. Time all travelers was up." "She is not here," replied a woman from the wagon. "She must have been up before day."
"Sure of that?" asked Pete, in a tone of alarm. "She is not in the camp

"She must be wandering outside, then. She Pete darted off hastily, and in five minutes had traversed the entire locality. No trace of the child was visible, either in or within sight

of the camp. The frightened boy questioned every one in quick accents. No one had seen her since the

previous evening. The alarm rapilly became general. A thor-

ough search of the camp was instituted.
"Who had the morning watch?" asked Bill

Grubb, anxiously.

"Joe Prime," said Wilson.

"The blazes he had! And where is he? Where is Bricktop?" asked Pete, angrily. All eyes looked hastily round. He, too, was

"I'll be fiddled if the devil that stole the gal afore ain't stole her ag'in!" cried Pete. "And taken. if I sin't goin' for him with a hot foot, you can sell me out, that's all."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SECRET SHOT. "Is there not some mistake, some unexplained error?" cried William Denton, with an air of great agitation. "It cannot be—my cousin, an innocent young child-who could

wish to injure her?"
"Any body who wanted her out of the way," said Bill Grubb, curtly. "It ain't because she's half a baby, but because some other critters are blamed rascals, that the gal's missing.

nie's society, did not forget the claims of Bill "This man could have no object in injuring her," continued Denton. "He never saw her before he joined the train. She must be somewhere about the camp. We have not

searched fully.' "You kin hunt till you're blind, and you won't see nothin before then nor after then. "That chap stole her, and there replied Pete. ain't no use talkin'. And if I don't know him, then sell me. Nicodemus is the hoss what twigged him. He's got a sharp nose for rascals, Nick has. It's curious to me he don't twig another."

"What do you mean, boy?" asked Denton, not relishing Pete's pointed manner.
"Jist what you please. You kin wear the shoe if it fits."

"Why, you young cub-! But it's no time now to banter with a crack-brained young rascal. We must to horse and pursue this kidnapper, if it proves true that he has really

"You'd best leave Picayune Pete alone, if you know when you're well off," said the boy. "I know you like a breeze, my sonny. You ain't shet my eye up." There was a dangerous look in the man's eye as he turned away with an impatient shrug

He evidently had good reasons of his own for not wishing to argue this question with Pete. "Ill be shot if the fellow ain't kidnapped my horse, as well as the gal, 'said Bill Grubb, who had hastily left the group a few minutes "He's the best animal in the train. before. and we'll have to ride like blazes to catch him. "To horse, then!" cried Tom Wilson. "We'll ride him down if there's any luck for

"And hang him like a thief, if there's a tree ten foot high this side the hills," said the

"Unhitch, lads," cried Wilson "You'll have to spend a day or two more here. Half a dozen will be enough with us. The rest of you can guard the train. Look out sharp for

While some of the party occupied themselves n preparing their best horses for a hard ride, Bill Grubb had walked out some distance yond the camp to look for the trail. He had no difficulty in finding it. There were the marks of horses' feet, implanted so plainly in the soil that a child could have followed them. "My own hoss, too," he growled.

know it in a thousand. And stepping out like thunder. We'll have to be hard on hoss-flesh, There were eight horsemen in the party that in ten minutes was mounted and ready for the

This consisted of Bill Grubb, Picayune Pete, Tom Wilson and William Denton, with four of the emigrants who were well versed in the

Down the rocky valley, into which the trail led, they rode at headlong speed, in a few minutes shutting out the train from sight, as the

perils of frontier life.

The valley was here covered with a thin soil: here the bare rock emerged. Only at intervals was the earth deep enough to return the impress of hoofs. But in all these places the tracks of the fugitive's horse were plainly visible, "Never mind the trail," cried Tom Wilson

as he dug his heels into his horse's sides. "The feller's in a cup here, and he can't ride over its edges. I ve got his path for the next ten miles laid out like a map in my eye. Make your critters git up and git. He's got an hour or two the start. Down the valley still they went, mile after

A new f eling had risen in Pete's mind, pale and eager. His fierce impulse s emed to have communicated itself to his horse, who (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.) the man. He had been sharply reproved for tile Indians. The Shoshones dwelt in this re- have communicated itself to his horse, who

"You'd calculate that weren't nothin' but a county of temper, and manifested his feelings now by growling and showing his neighbors. It was deemed advisable therefore his heels ran Nicodemus, who was not to be

Nearly beside him rode Bill Grubb, as hot

emotion was manifest, was William Denton.
Feeling took in his face the form of a deep pallor, and was manifested otherwise in low execrations of the villain, and fierce threats of revenge. He rode in the rear of the troop, being apparently more poorly mounted than

Between two sloping ridges their road lay, running in a southwestwardly direction. It was a waterless, barren region, utterly incapable of supporting life, though roamed over by wandering Indians. They would need to ride twenty miles in this direction to find water.

Few words were spoken, as they rode on with stern faces and keen eyes. The hard soil, over which they now passed, retained no mark of hoofs, no indication of the passage of man

Yet no other avenue could have been taken through the mountain-girdled region, and they thundered on with unshaken confidence.

"Here it is ag'in," cried Bill Grubb, as they entered a patch of low sage brush, which had been broken down as by some heavy tread. "Let out, lads! Let out!" yelled Tom Wilson. "Can't see the critter, yet, but if he ain't rid like lightning, we can twig him at

the next bend.' The bend was reached. Before them lay a long, clean valley, several miles in extent, sloping up to the mountain ranges on ach side.

The trained eyes of the scouts read every indication of this long avenue. They were doomed to disappointment. Not a sign of life could be seen upon its broad extent. It lay in utter

barrenness under the rays of the morning sun "Nothing alive, neither wolf, grizzly, Injun or hoss," said the scout. "The fellow has rid hard, that's sure. He couldn't turn on us any-

"I'll fetch him if I ride ten years straight on this line," said Pete, between his teeth. "The red-whiskered devil, if I don't prove sudden death to him it's a caution. Let out, fellers. I'm tired of creepin'. The hound can't

be many miles ahead."

Down the long slope they plunged into the depth of the barren valley.

For five miles further they continued without drawing rein, scarcely speaking. Every step of the journey but added to their excite-ment of feeling, and stern determination to

deal hardly with the culprit, should he be over-But now the landscape before them changed. The single, wide valley contracted, and seemed to divide into several passes, some running straightforward, others apparently cutting through the mountain ranges

It became doubtful what direction it was best to take. The stony passes were almost destitute of soil, and no trace of the trail was "Straight on by this pass, I say," remarked Tom Wilson. "It turns west ten miles on, and

opens into a decenter country than this. Not much troubled with Injuns either."
"But this chap ain't Tom Wilson, and hasn't been brung up in this country," said the scout. 'He dunno which is the best pass, and would

be likely to strike west.

"He might if he wanted to fall into the hands of his pursuers," said William Denton. "It is my opinion that he has chosen the least likely pass, with the hope to throw us off the track. "The ground ain't all as hard-hearted as this," said Pete. "There's bits of soil and

brush here and there. Reckon it's best for us to split and hunt the trail. Mought tumble over it somewheres hereabout." "That's my idea," said the scout. "No use going on without we know what we're about. "All right," said Wilson. "I'll try the on-

ward route. The party forthwith divided, two or three of them accompanying Tom Wilson, while the others searched the other routes. Pete struck into a narrow track running

west. It was a rocky, broken pass, almost too narrow for the passage of a horse.

Nicodemus followed him, not quite so alertly as he had moved on their starting out. The ten miles' journey had taken some of the life out of the dog. The boy moved cautiously on, using his eyes

edfully, not only for marks of the trail, but for possible Indian foemen who might be in the pass before him. The bare mountain pass had but scant traces of soil, here and there, patches of sand which had been washed down from the hills in some

The boy's eyes scanned intently each of these softer spots, where alone there was any possibility of a visible mark being left. The narrow pass wound up into the hills;

ppening out wider as he proceeded. Pete seem-

former age when rains fell in this desolate re-

ed utterly alone, deep silence and solitude surrounding him. Bold of heart as the boy was this removal from the whole human world, as it seemed, told upon his nerves. He looked forward at each successive turn with a half-fearful glance. Nicodemus drew close up, with a drooping ten

Pete was inclined to give up the bootless earch and turn back, when a faint indication in the sand attracted his attention. It was too slight to see plainly from horse

dency in his tail.

back, and he sprung to the ground to examine it more closely. He stooped with eager gaze over the faint indentation, a sense of triumph growing in his

mind. There it was, plain enough, the undeniable impress of a horse's hoof, and undoubtedly that of Bill Grubb's horse. There was a peculiar hape of this hoof-mark which the boy had not

failed to notice. He arose and stood erect a moment, looking forward down the valley. There was a slight sound behind him. He turned hastily to look back, when the report of a rifle rung through the narrow pass, a severe blow seemed to fall upon his head, and he dropped insensible to the

His horse, alarmed by the sound, sprung over him, and ran forward into the pass Nicodemus, on the contrary, ran backward, fiercely barking, and with evident intention to attack the assailant of his master.

There was a momentary thunder of horses' hoofs down the rocky pass, then silence settled upon the scene, Nicodemus returning from his futile assault to lick the pallid face of his master, and to awake the echoes of the lonely place by a dog's grievous howl.

Pete lay unmoved by the animal's obtrusive a thirst for revenge, such as he had never felt before. His lips were closely set, his face Death seemed to brood over the whole barren grief. The hue of death was upon his face.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Sure, it has a beautiful eye— Whenever it doesn't squint it and cry; And a pretty mouth, so very small, Save when it's opened for a squall; And tender hands, so little and fair, Except when it gets a hold on my hair. It does not care for feelings or laws— Still, the sweetest baby that ever was.

It never wakes me from slumber deep, For it never allows me to get to sleep, And every hour in the night its squeal Tickles my ear like a piece of steel. It tosses and tumbles and kicks to kill, And twenty nurses can't hold it still; But I try to keep my temper, because It's the sweetest baby that ever was.

The people take it and say "How fine!" It's got the very features of mine; They tickle it, too, and say to it, "Boo!" Then the baby answers it with a Boo-hoo

In about 598
Variations and octaves straight;
And then they desire it spanked, because
It's the sweetest baby that ever was.

It is the sweetest baby that rocks,
But I'd rather put it into a box
With a very tight lid, for an Lour or so,
To make the noise a little low,
So that these weariful eyes could reap
About an inch of coveted sleep,
For soothing syrup is all a loss
On the sweetest baby that ever was.

I've worn the carpet out of sight
By walking around with it at night.
'Tis very light, but it has a charm
Of getting heavy upon my arm,
If I wasn't a Quaker and hate a fuss,
I at least would spank it and raise a muss:
And I am led to acknowledge the boss
Is the sweetest baby that ever was.

It's taken the curl clear out of my beard And you can see that this eye is bleared With a poke of its fist a week ago, For as a boxer it is not slow.

It wrestles with me day and night, And if it had only teeth to bite, I know my nose would suffer a loss From the sweetest baby that ever was.

They say he's just like his pa, but I Fail to see it, for I don't cry. I'm sure I don't deserve to be ranked With any one who ought to be spanked. Paragoric will put me to sleep, and chloroform make quiet keep—But I must stop to trot and toss The sweetest baby that ever was.

Exorcizing a Ghost.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"DELMAYNE—you're a fool!" Handsome Delmayne bowed and showed his teeth through the heavy gold mustache.

"Thanks, very much, Corson."
"But, jesting aside, Del, old fellow, what can you be thinking of to contemplate marrying a widow when so many charming young girls are only waiting to jump at an offer from

Delmayne laughed outright at the second friend's lugubrious countenance.

"Thank you, also, Jesmine. Berkely, perhaps you have something to say on the topic of my engagement to Mrs. Plover?"

Berkeley's eyes widened fully as much as either Jesmine's or Corson's, and he took his Victoria Reina from his mouth and held it between his fingers in total disregard of its short length and glowing end.

Engaged! actually engaged to her! Delyou'll regret it all the days of your life—my word for it! Understand me—not that Mrs. Lily Plover is not charmingly beautiful and fascinating, and minus any 'incumbrance,' as they call the blessed little bright-eyed children nowadays—not that I disapprove your choice personally—but—Del—they say old Plover

Mr. Delmayne composedly blew a half-dozen delicate circling smoke-wreaths over his handsome blonde head.

"Ah! Then I am very sure he can but ap prove my good taste in substantially subscribing to the opinion he entertained of his estim-

Frank Berkelev threw his extinguished cigar into the receiver, and arose to leave, with

glance at his watch. 'Eleven-is it possible! Come, fellows, or Delmayne 'll be twice glad we dropped in. Bertie—honor bright, though, people do say that Mrs. Plover rules and governs her life entirely by her late husband's views, and that whoever follows as his successor must expect to be only an echo of him."

Hubert Delmayne looked a little vexed. "We won't discuss Lily any further, boys. It is enough that she will be my loved and honored wife in three months. Really going? Look in again soon.

And then he sat down again in his big lounging-chair, to think of his darling, the one wo man he had ever loved well enough to ask to share his happy, enjoyable life with him—a life any woman would have been proud to

He thought of her lovely, witching face, with its arch, laughing eyes of dusk, and the soft, flossy hair that laid in loose, burnished waves on her low forehead: of her dimpled: ripely-red mouth, and the general nameless, bewitching charm that was all about her.

And "old Plover walked," or, in other vords, as Berkeley had meant—was quoted on all occasions, and his peculiar views and tastes made the measure of pretty Lily's present ac tions-unless it was the one great, grand exception-and exceptions only prove the rulethe one exception of her second marriage.

Mr. Delmayne looked thoughtfully into the cheery, glowing fire, and finally, with a loving, tender smile on his handsome mouth, made his mental decision on the subject under con

"My darling! It only goes to show what a loyal little girl she is to the memory of one who loved her. I rather like it in her; but of course, after we are married, she will not-

Wasn't that a genuine masculine decision? And one that, six months later, when he and Lily had been happily keeping house three months, he had occasion to doubt the truth of for the first time

It was a bright summer morning, hardly time for a ghost to make its appearance; or hardly the scene one would care to disturbthat lovely morning room in Mr. Delmayne's elegant city residence, with the sunshine lighting up the silver breakfast equipments, and making a wondrous fair glow on Mrs. Delmayne's pink ivory cheeks.

Bertie was thinking what a royal good time he and Lily were having, and what a perfect model of a wife she was, when her sweet, coaxing voice made him glance up from his omelet I am afraid I shall have to make an extra

demand on your check-book this morning, Bertie. Could I have two hundred dollars? I want to see about dresses and other notions for the Branch. We'll be going soon, won't we?" Mr. Delmayne thoroughly enjoyed her ea-

You can have the check certainly, my dear. Get what you want-get pretty things, too, Lily, for I want my wife to be the most charming little lady at the shore, even if I do

have to live a grass widower through July and August, excepting Saturdays and Sundays."
Lily looked up in surprise.

'Bertie! You don't mean to tell me you are not going with our party? You really don't mean to say you will stay in town all the

"Except from Saturday night to Monday noon. I can't leave my business, dear, this summer. Murchison is in Europe, and I have everything to look after."

A little frown made Mrs. Delmayne even more piquant than ever. "But I'm not used to staying alone in a

hotel, Bertie, and I shouldn't like it. Ralph never made me do so."
"Ralph!" That was who the fellows called 'old Plover." Delamayne passed his mus-

tache cup calmly to Lily. "A third full, please, dear—all the same, I can't help it, much as I wish I could. You can have a nice quiet time with Mrs. Berkeley and Miss Jesmine during the week, and when I run down we'll have a gay lark. Eh, Lily?"
"But—Ralph never did that. He always

stayed all the time.' A flush-faint, and swift, and transientdarted over his face.

"Your first husband was a rich man, and a confirmed invalid, and it suited his purse and inclinations to stay all summer at the seashore. It is impossible for me to do it, dear. But by the shadow on his wife's face, it was evident she did not at all appreciate the

difference A week after, Mr. Delmayne came in one evening an hour later than usual, bringing two or three gentlemen friends with him, whom he left in the drawing-room while he went in quest of his wife—his "pretty, grace ful little wife" he had told the gentlemen, to

whom he had promised an introduction. He found her in her dressing-room, ready

for sleep.
"Lily, child, I want you down stairs, there and Miss Ryerson and Courtland are there, and Miss Emerson's lover—and I want you to meet

Lily looked up in surprise. "Why, Bertie, you are insane to suppose I will be so foolish as to dress and go down at this time of night! I think you are very inconsiderate to bring home a parcel of men, anyhow; Ralph never did such things."

"It is perfectly immaterial to me what Ralph did—I believe this is my house, and I would very much like you to come down. However, if you prefer not—" Lily's eyes blazed.

"I will not! I was accustomed to quiet. and considerate treatment while Ralph was living, and—" "And you will make me wish he was still

living, if you behave so childish in the fu-It was very unlike Delmayne's loving, tender

self to speak so roughly, but he said to himself, going down the stairs, that it was enough to ry the patience of Job to have a dead man hrown in a fellow's face at every turn.

After that, it seemed that the habit grew more and more strongly on Lily; it was Ralph here, and Ralph there; Ralph never did this, or always did that; Ralph wouldn't have preferred such and such a thing, or would never have denied her this or that, until, in sheer desperation, Delmayne poured out his dismay, and chagrin, and rage into the ear of the man who had warned him, and been laughed at for nis pains—Berkeley.

You see I knew what I was talking about Del. when I said old Plover walked, and I'll venture to say he'll never rest in his grave un til desperate measures are taken. Wife de-clares it is an abominable sin in Lily to quote him so-seeing what a cross, ugly old curmudgeon he was—and rich as Croesus, you know, of course."

Delmayne knit his brows, thoughtfully. "I believe Lily loves me, truly and fondly and I know I love her above all women, only Berkeley, it does try my patience to hear ev erything I say, or suggest, or do, or leave un-

Ralph. You will have to adopt heroic treatment, Del, and I'll stand by you, if you'll agree to a little plan of mine, eh?"

The warm August days had throbbed and pulsed themselves away in lingering fervent heat, and September had fairly come—goldenhazed days, when cool winds came from over the ocean, and sensible people tarried at the sea-side, or in the mountains, instead of skurrying home because the last summer month was

off the calendar. And among the sensible were Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley, and Mrs. Herbert Delmayne, who were enjoying the most delightful of times at the Ocean House, and convincing themselves that summer was only an empty name beside the lusciousness and comfort of early autumn

As agreed upon, Herbert came down over indays—red letter days to the little lady who loved him so truly, for all the trouble she gave him about Ralph, the irrepressible; red etter days, for all, on this especial Saturday night when she expected him, Lily's mind was fully made up, to persuade her lord into a neasure she knew he abhorred.

'You will not say no, I am sure, Bertie, she said, an hour or so after he had come, and while they were promenading the long flower basket-hung piazza of the Ocean.

"Certainly, I will deny you nothing that is at all reasonable. Tell me. Lily, what I can do

She looked so imploringly in his face "Only to let me ride, Bertie! So many ladies o, and I'm sure there can be no harm in it. Diekel will let me have a horse-

A frown of displeasure, rather an expression of gravity on his face, made her pause. 'I have so often expressed my opinion of the women who are bold enough to parade themselves on horseback, that I think you know what I will say. My wife must not do

it, dear.

The hot tears welled to her pretty dark eyes "I never can do anything I want to do.
You are the most unkind husband that ever ived! I don't see why I should not ride as well as Mrs. Senator Rothemel, or Mrs. Flores on, or Livienne Laidley; I don't believe their husbands would be so cruel: I know Ralph never would have refused such a small fa-

Delmayne's face grew white. "Lily, you are unjust when you call me cruel and unkind, and—"

Her eyes were angry, passionate. 'Then get me a horse at Diekel's; I tell you I will ride! Ralph would not object— "Not another word! Never mention that man's name to me again so long as you live; I

hate the very noise of it." Lily's face was paling with rage. "You don't hate it any more than I hate yours; I only wish he were here now, instead

Delmayne looked in her eyes, a moment, and beans' you could find a good dozen in 'most to Sacramento, what does he do but ride right the hoops.

then walked away, his face almost rigid with pain and anger, so that Berkeley stared in surprise as they met in the hall.

every han'ful o' dirt! He did so—an' that's why I say 'a fool fer luck!'

"In jest two months the little cuss didn't

"Jupiter Amman! have you seen a ghost, Del? You look like one at all events." He smiled, ghastly indeed.

"I haven't exactly seen one, but-Berkeley smiled broadly.
"Ah, yes, Ralph, I presume. Del, I'll engage

to lay him, shall I? inside of twenty-four

The entire population seemed to be out of doors at Long Branch that delicious moonlight Saturday night; every one seemed to be enjoying themselves promenading the piazzas, or loitering in twos and threes on the sands, or sitting in the summerhouses on the bluff—every body seemed under the influence of fresh, cool breezes and silver moonlight, and the solemn eternal hymn of the waves as they came majestically in from seaward, flinging themselves in triumph on the shore, as if, their mission accomplished, they were content to vanish in pearly, fairy foam-ghosts of waves, per-

All but Lily Delmayne, from whom her husband had turned in such wounded, righteous anger two hours before. She had been so hasty, so cruel in her language—she, who worshiped him almost idolatrously—she, who had thrust him through and through with that wickedly thoughtless tongue of hers!
In vain Mrs. Berkeley's lively chat, or oth-

er people's merry gossip; in vain the continued influences of ocean and sky: Lily was unrestful, unhappy, and in despair. She went back to her room, resolved to seek her husband and tell him how foolish she had been-how grieved

She went slowly along the long corridor till she reached her door, and went in, groping in the half light for the matches, and then-the light struck, turned toward the chair where Bertie always sat, to see-not Bertie, her lord, her darling, but Mr. Berkeley, standing beside—her first husband, Ralph Plover, from the crown of his shiny bald head to the cane between his knees.

A piteous horror paled her face—not fear of the supernatural, for Mr. Berkeley's presence forbade that, but fear, sudden, appalling fear to see the man alive she had thought dead—the man whom she had said, not two hours before, she wished was in Herbert's place-the man she knew now, she had never loved, for all his kindness and indulgence, as she loved her noble, handsome, manly husband, whom she had driven from her by such cruel insult. It all occurred to her in one moment, as she stared in the old gentleman's face, and then she sunk trembling in a chair, just as Herbert walked in—oh, so handsome, so handsome, and wearing a pallor on his face that went

straight to her woman's heart.

"Bertie! Bertie! You won't let any one take me from you? tell me! promise me! prom-

He took her arm in his hand, and turned to the gentlemen. "My dear, you have not spoken to Mr. Berkeley or Mr. Plover. How singular it all

She resolutely turned away, her arm clinging to Herbert.

"I can't-I can't! Bertie, I was so wicked. but nobody shall take me away from you!" Mr. Berkeley stepped forward, courteously. "My dear madam, I really fear Mr. Plover

will feel insulted at your positive neglect of him. Sir, this is Mrs. Herbert Delmayne, the widow of—your brother Ralph! Lily, surely you have a welcome for the brother you never saw, who has come all the way from India to look at your husband's grave?"

Afterward, it all came out, the plan of Mr. Berkeley's to make Lily believe, if only for a moment, that her first husband, whom she continually brought face to face with Herbert, was really face to face with herself-to let her feel, if only for a moment, how very different

it would be were her thoughtless wishes true. ertie, darling," Lily said, with her lovely head lying on his arm, and her eyes looking in his—"oh, Bertie, that one awful moment when I realized what a horror it would be if ! lost you! Can you ever, ever forgive me? And I will never mention poor Ralph's name again, as I have mentioned it, because, Bertie, it is you I love, and nobody but you, and I'll mind you

and be just as good!" And would mortal man have rejected such sweet entreaty for pardon, or such promises

"A Fool fer Luck!"

And so-the ghost was laid.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"A FOOL fer luck!" suddenly uttered my new made friend, the Abilene "cowboy," drawing the ends of his shaggy mustache into his mouth, as though fearful of losing even a drop of the amber "pizen" that had so recently filled the glass before him. "A fool fer luck, stranger! I've held that-a-way ever sence I fust struck a little cuss up in the Diamond Gulch diggin's which the boys, they used to call him Leather head for short. Everybody 'nd his mate called him that an' it just suited him to a t-v-tv though he did show me a letter oncet, his name was writ onto it, 'Thomas Weatherhead. Exquire,' an' he kem out 'mong us old 49-ers, fer to make his fortin; good lawd!

"I reckon you've seed lots o' jest sech fellers es he was, stranger, back thar in the towns; them dough-boy fellers which they call squirts, in them thar wimmen-fixin' stores in He looked like one on 'em. He kep his han's kivered fer fear they'd sunburn, wor store-clo'es, parted his ha'r in the middle an smelt louder'n a he-mussrat on a rampage. That was when he fust struck our camp, but he soon got some o' the kinks tuck out o' him,

"Twas old 'Headlight' tuck the greeny in fust. What does the old rip do but go 'salt a hole-whar some o' the boys sot out to burry French Pat, which same was rubbed out in a little argyment with Tom Stamper, but a free fight started out to Slaughter's, an' the boys hed to take that in, an' so Frenchy was jest chucked in the drink, to save time. As I was sayin' old Headlight-the out-doin'est nose you even sawn on human critter!—he salted this hole an' sold it to Leatherhead for the best payin est claim this side o' monkey-heaven! Mebbe we did'nt hev good fun a-watchin' the greeny The little cuss worked, too, just's though he meant it. Mebbe ef he'd hed decent raisin, out yere on the peraries, whackin' bulls ur sech like man's work, he'd 'a' grow'd up somethin like a man. He hed grit—ur else was too big a fool to know when to quit-fer he stuck to body wasn't fool enough to go pardners with him—not much! And then—he struck it rich, got, so he sold his gold for paper on Fr'isco, yes," was the reply, "passionately. I you bet! a three-foot lead o' pay-dirt, so rich in

hev a ounce o' dust to his name! Every darned 'bean' was gone—most of it buckin' ag'in' faro.
An' little Leatherhead he turned out to be the dead beatin'est bummer they was in camp.

"'Twas that same fall he opened the boys' peepers ag'in, which I was one on 'em. We my two pards 'nd me-hed him up country aprospectin', an' was on our way back, not evin' struck color sence we sot out, an' was mebby three miles from camp, when we hearn the dog-gondest screechin' an' caterwaulin' an' yowltin' you ever see—a nigger camp-me vasn't no more then a mug o' lager to a bar'l o' bug-juice!

"We smelt fun, an' struck out, hot-foot 'Twas Leatherhead, es we mought a-knowed.
'Old Eph' hed treed him. 'Twould 'a' made dead Dutchman laugh, stranger! Thar the little cuss was, up a saplin', hangin' on tooth an' toenail, which the b'ar was jist more'n shakin' the bush, an' grinnin' like he felt tickleder 'n thunder. We hed jest time to see this, when greeny's holds broke and down he went, kersplunt, plowin' the futt o' the hill wuss'n a two-legged gopher. 'Twas jest his luck we came up jest as we did, ur he'd a-slept that night under Old Eph's overcoat, sure. Es it was, we hed our work cut out fer us, an' Old Eph kep' us mighty busy fer a while, you hear me! They wasn't one uv us but could show some o' his hand-write afore he pegged out. An' when he did go under, an' we hed time to look a'ter Leatherhead, whar do you think we found the little cuss? What you reckon he was a-doin'? Stranger, you can jest everlastin'ly chaw my allybaster year ef the little warmint wasn't right whar he fell, a-squattin' on his hinders, an' a-rakin' out the nuggets o' gold by the quart, from the bigness of a hen's aig It's the scan'alous truth ur I wouldn't say so! He'd tum'led fa'r an' squar' into the richest 'pocket' ever opened up in all Californy! I tell you, stranger, it jest takes a fool fer double-distilled stud-hoss luck—you hear

"We went pards in that find, an' tuck out over a hundred weight o' the pure stuff inside two days. We never 'vided it up, so to this day I don't know how much my share was. Leatherhead was afeard o' bein' robbed, an' so he said to putt it all on 'posit at the 'spress office. An' that same night the agent he levanted-an' we was gittin' drunker'n b'iled owls; sorter givin' the bags a good-by benefit, ye know, afore settin' out fer home an' the old folks, with our fortins. We never see'd hide nur ha'r o' that agent nur our gold ag'in, though me 'n' my two pards we hunted fer his skelp nigh six months a'ter that.

"I never went back to them diggin's, but I hearn the boys tell all about little Leatherhead, many's the time. He steadied down an' tuck to 'driftin''—diggin' 'long a lead into the hill, ye know. He jest bar'ly made his grub fer nearly a year, the boys said, but he stuck to it like a major. Them was rich diggin's, an' the boys was makin' thar piles all round him, but he never got a smell, sca'cely. Fer all that he kep' on, sayin' he knowed his luck must turn ag'in 'fore long; an' shore enough it did, though not jest the way he 'spected, I don't

'The boys was all at grub, one noon, when a John kem in, his pig-tail straight on eend, he was so monstrous bad scart. He said he was passin' by Leatherhead's drift when he felt the ground shake like a young airthquake, an' then he see the hull tunnel cave in. That was enough. Up the boys lepped, gruppin' the handiest tools, an' run fer the cave-in jest as the John said, an' one squint told them that thar wasn't the leastest mite o' use in thinkin' o' tryin' to dig the pore feller out. He'd drifted full sixty yards into the mount'in, an' from the looks the hull outfit hed much when they did git him out. So back

they goes to thar grub.
"I told you, stranger, it tuck a fool fer

The hull ruff didn't cave in; some forty foot was left cl'ar. The boy wasn't so bad scart es a sensible critter would 'a' bin. He hed grub enough to last him fer a couple of days, an' he knowed thar war air a-plenty fer him to breathe fer awhile, anyhow. So he sets to work. He couldn't dig back the way he ome, fer a most thunderin' big rock hed settled down right in the way, an' so he digs to one side, puttin' in his best licks, es you may reckon, seein' he was workin' fer life. afore he'd drifted twenty feet, stranger, he struck a lead the richest you ever saw; by his light it looked like plum solid gold! Jest then he didn't make much a'count o' it; he'd 'a given it all fer one squint o' open air, I reckon But, jest see how his owdacious luck kep' pour-in' onto the little fool imp! He cut through that vein, an' twenty feet furder, when kersplunt! out he comes into a' old tunnel what ned quartered to'ards his'n. 'Twas a' old one, which it hedn't bin worked fer a year or more

not payin' grub-money to the owners.
"Now anybody but a blamed fool 'd 'a' run out fer a big hurraw boys an' a genteel drunk over his escape, but he didn't. I reckon he hought all the boys would want to see jest how he'd gophered out, an' then somebody 'd be sure to see the gold, an' he mought lose his claims onto it. So what does he do but lay low an' work that vein by night, mostly, liv in' on sech grub es he could pick up 'round the camp, ur buy from some o' the Johns who was n't smart enough to guess anythin' was up. He run it fer two weeks, when he got skeered -thought somebody was watchin' his doin's an' layin' fer him. So one night out he sneaks an' makes fer the town, to tell his story. he hadn't gone a hundred yards afore some-

that he was bein' robbed. He could jest make out 'at the feller jumped onto a hoss, an' started off with his gold, an' give a yell that was hearn all over camp, an' brung the boys out to see what was the matter. "When Leatherhead come to, he found his dust-in the buckskin sacks which same hed his 'nitials marked onto 'em-lavin' beside him The boys told him 'at the hoss the thief rid hed stumbled an' throwed its rider, an' broke his neck, jist es they turned out at the little varmint's yell, an' so they got back his pile ag'in. More stud-hoss luck, you see, stranger never see sech a feller! 'Twas jist that way

thin' hit him from ahind, an' all he knowed was

with him from A to Ampersand. he'd git down to the lowest notch, 'long would come a streak of luck an' set him up higher 'r I reckon 'twould 'a' bin money in my pocket if Pd bin born a fool, too-I do so! "But Leatherhead—what became of him?" I inquired. You'd never guess in a month o' Sundays,

stranger! But, I'll tell ye. The little cuss

Wheneve

into a quicksand. Off he jumped, but got stuck fast himself, and couldn't git loose, do his durndest. So he sets to squealin'—an' yere comes his luck ag'in. Up comes a galone o' them Californy Mexicans, ye know— an' ropes him, pulls him out, takes him to her papa's house, an' when she gits him corraled safe and sound, what does she do but up an' marry him! Then the old man died—an' that pesky little Leatherhead got all his money, an' cattle, an' fixin's. They do say he's livin' thar yit, an' that they've got a hull rejiment o' young uns. An' that's why I said gimme a fool fer up an' down stud-hoss lnck!"

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE SALARIES OF PROFESSIONALS.

THERE seems to have been a meeting of a sort of "Committee of Ways and Means," out West recently, to take into consideration the subject of the salaries of professionals, and how to decrease them. The able financier of the old Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869, Mr. Joyce, has been making up a series of calculations with a view of presenting a plan for the reduction or proper regulation of salaries, which would no doubt be available but for one important fact, and that is, that the rivalry in securing first-class players will always have its influence in governing the market rates, despite all plans or measures looking to a regularly-established tariff. Mr. Joyce proposes that every player desirous of entering the professional arena, shall send to a special committee, appointed for the purpose by the ruling professional organization in 1876, his application for a position, together with his record for the past season. Mr. Joyce names the Convention of the Western League As ociation as Mr. Joyce names the Conthe governing body to attend to the matter. and his plan embodies the following method of settling the salary question:

and his plain embodies the following method of settling the salary question:

"The first thing for the Convention to do on assembling is to determine what cities shall be represented in the Convention. For instance, we say that Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Boston, Brooklyn, and Baltimore, should be admitted, then there will be eight clubs to be made up. Let there be eleven men assigned to each club. There would be eighty-eight players to be selected from all the applicants to make up the League. The Convention would then pick out eight of the best men for each position in the field. After this was done sixteen of the best general players among the remaining applicants should be selected to play as substitutes. Then let the association fix upon a certain salary that all the clubs are to pay for men in certain positions. For instance, pitchers, \$1,500; catchers, \$1,500; first basemen, \$1,400; second and third basemen, \$1,300; short-stop, \$1,350; and fielders, \$1,200. Then take the names of the eight pitchers first. Say these are Bradley, Mathews, Devlin, Bond, Manning, Nichols, Nolan, and McCormick. Put the names in a hat and draw lots. Say Chicago got Nolan, Cincinnati Nichols, Louisville Bradley, and so on. Do the same with the other positions, and draw lots for two substitutes for each club. In this way all the clubs are made up by lots, and the chances are that they will be pretty generally equalized in strength. Then let the best club win the championship."

It is easy to see that any such plan as this would not work. If players were all constituted alike in disposition and character, this plan would be of doubtful efficacy; but when it is considered that an essential of success in a nine is its working together in thorough harmony, it becomes at once apparent that the lottery plan of selecting the players would involve the selection perhaps of the most incompatible of players, thereby making the team one impossible to harmonize as a working

Salaries must come down, but how the reduction is to be made is a problem yet to be solved. The only feasible plan we think of just now is for the wealthy stockholding clubs to pass a resolution limiting the salary of play. caved in. 'Twould take two good days fer ers to a fixed sum. Let them all agree togethem to onkiver him, nur he wouldn't be wuth they pay to any member of the nine-not of course including the manager, who may also be a player—a sum exceeding we will say luck, an' I stick to it yit. Little Leatherhead wasn't dead yit—not much ! Ef it'd bin any-range from that sum down to \$500, according range from that sum down to \$500, according to position, player, ability and character. contend that \$1,000 is handsome pay in these times for seven months of such easy service as a professional ball-player generally is called upon to perform. Of course pitchers and catchers are worth more owing to the more arduous and responsible character of their work. But the other positions should not command over \$1,000 for the seven months' service. That would be at the rate of nearly thirty dollars a week, and there is not one out of every six of the professional class of ball-players who have the business ability to earn half the sum each week of a whole year, devoting ten hours

each day to their work. Boston first inaugurated the system of high salaries for professionals, and Chicago has since outdone Boston, and every other city, in their cash premiums for the best players. Just think of it, Spalding, for his management of the Chicago team, and his play besides, received the sum of four thousand dollars! during 1876; \$500 a month for the eight months of the season. Of course, players will accept all they can get; they would be foolish if they But if clubs will rival each other in their bids for "fancy material," viz.: players who rate high in the market, they must not be surprised that high salaries prevail. The League system of engaging players in the midst of the season has greatly aided to keep up high salaries, besides being demoralizing in its effect on the several nines. scarcely worth while discussing the subject further. The coming season's experience will show how to bring salaries down, for under the fifty-cent tariff, the Western League will find their treasuries so low at the close of 1877 as to oblige them to reduce salaries or give up engaging teams. Hitherto, the demand for players has been in excess of the supply, and this has helped to keep up the rates of pay. Now that there are some fifty applicants for each vacant position, prices will be likely to follow the supply, unless some nore of the Chicago premiums are offered.

A NAUGHTY boy is like the letter "d," be-

ause he makes "ma" mad. Sentimental youth: "Ah! Anna Maria, ou look to me like a daisy kissed with dew Guilty party: "Oh, John! indeed it wasn't a Jew; it was that Tom Stubbs, and I told the

idiot at the time every one would find it out!" A young chap in Port Jervis who volunteered to see his inamorata to her home across the river from meetin', had to turn back for want of funds to pay toll with. She said she only wished he could have tolled her sooner.

At a select gathering the other evening somebody asked one of the guests, a country yes," was the reply, "passionately. I always got, so he sold his gold for paper on Fr'isco, an' started out, a-critter-back. When hafe way like that part where the lady jumps through